



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

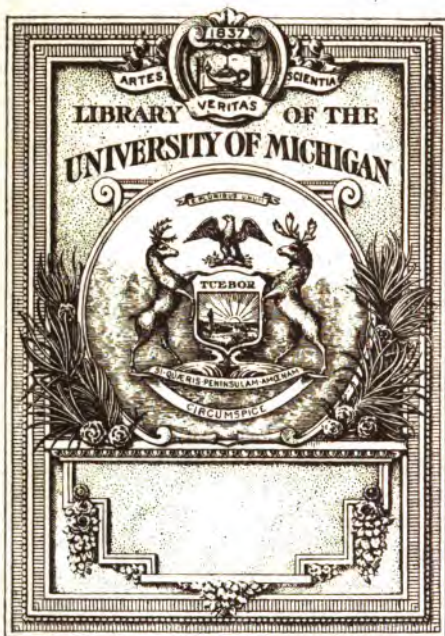
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

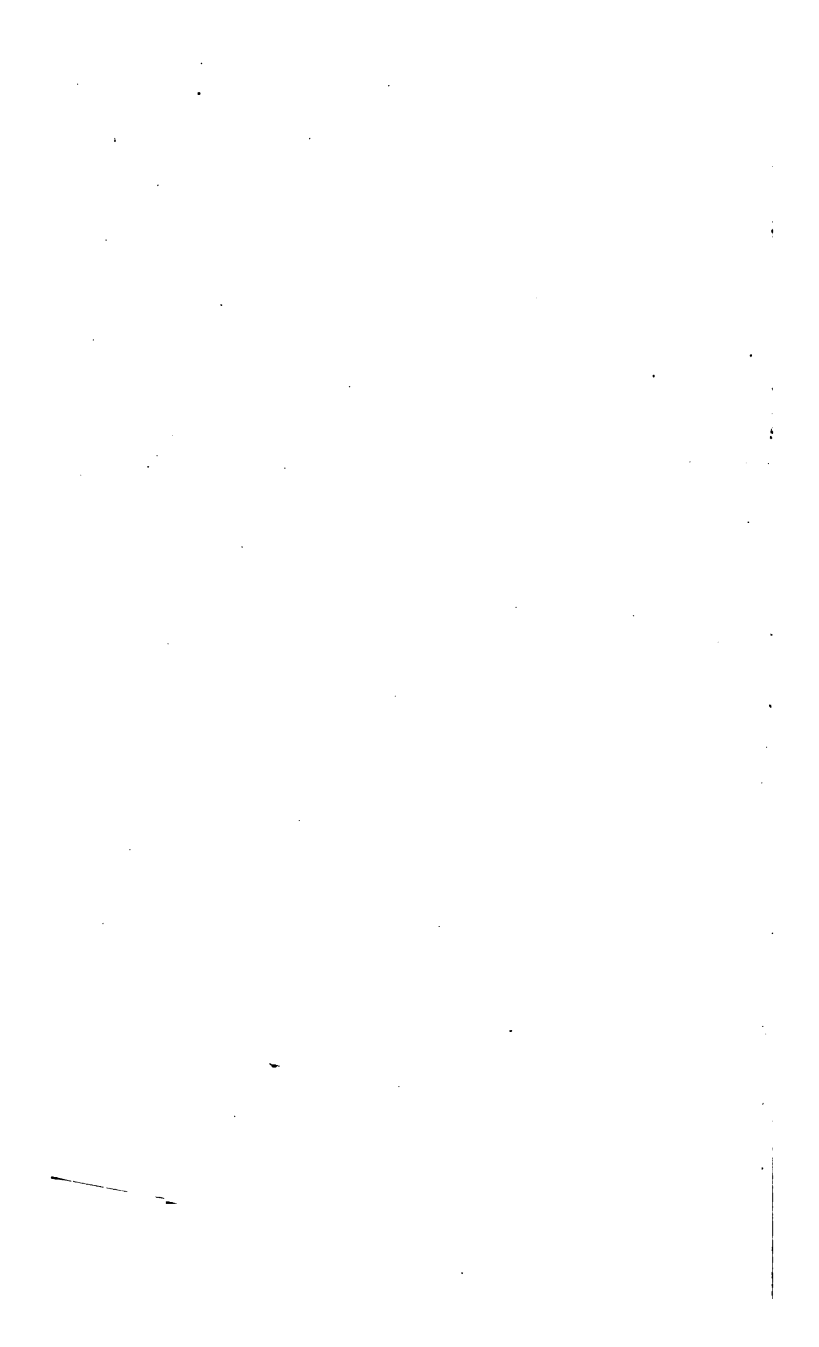
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

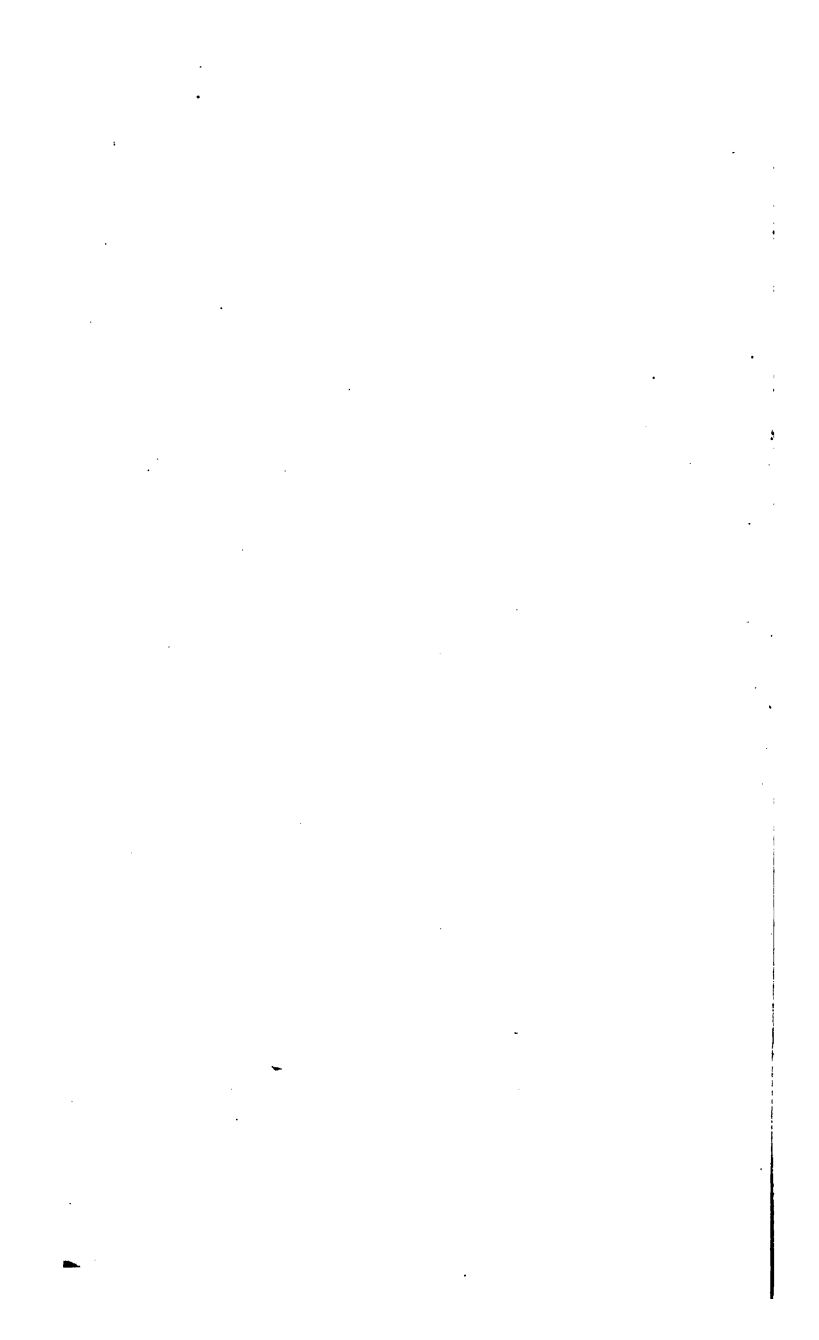


THE GIFT OF
Sheehan Bk. Company

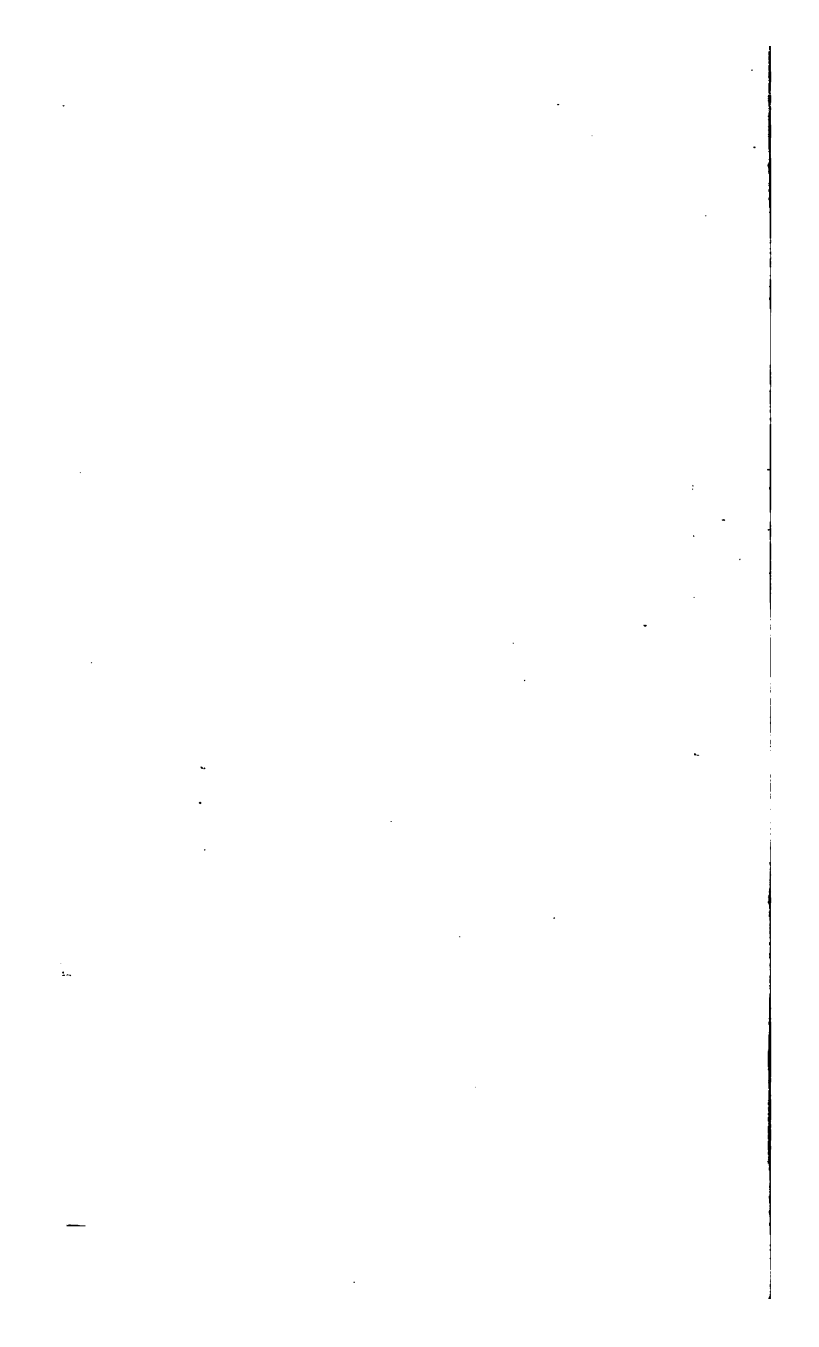
828
H6812



I NEED THE MONEY



I NEED THE MONEY



۱۰۰
 ۲۰۰
 ۳۰۰
 ۴۰۰
 ۵۰۰
 ۶۰۰
 ۷۰۰
 ۸۰۰
 ۹۰۰
 ۱۰۰۰



JOHN HENRY

CLARA J.

I NEED THE MONEY

By HUGH McHUGH


AUTHOR OF

"JOHN HENRY," "DOWN THE LINE WITH JOHN HENRY,"
"IT'S UP TO YOU," "OUT FOR THE COIN," ETC.



ILLUSTRATED

G. W. DILLINGHAM CO.
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

 COPYRIGHT, 1903
By G. W. DILLINGHAM Co.
Issued February, 1904

[All rights reserved]

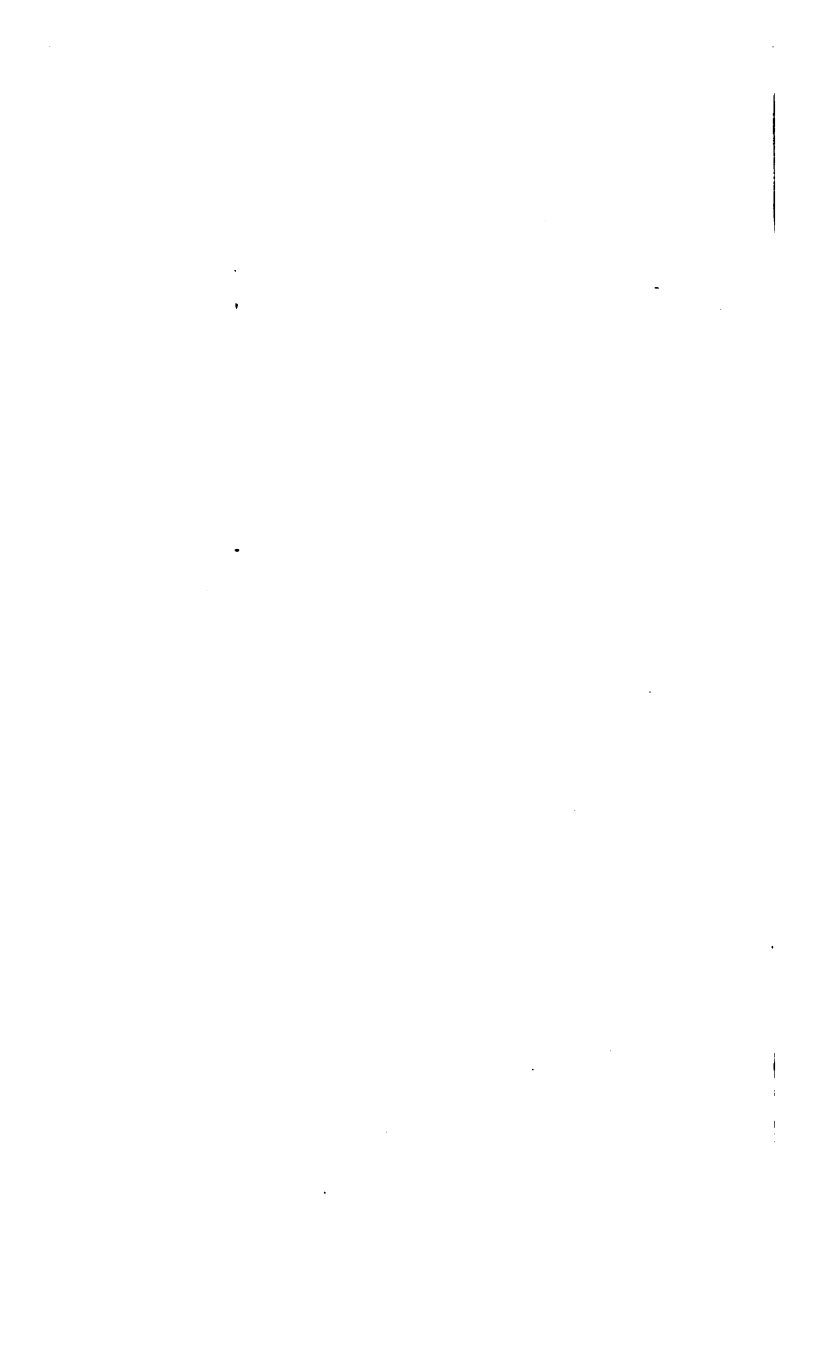
I NEED THE MONEY

07/18/78

To all the Good Fellows of the Press who have sized me up and passed me up with a friendly slap on the wrist, Joy be with you and may your shadows never grow less!

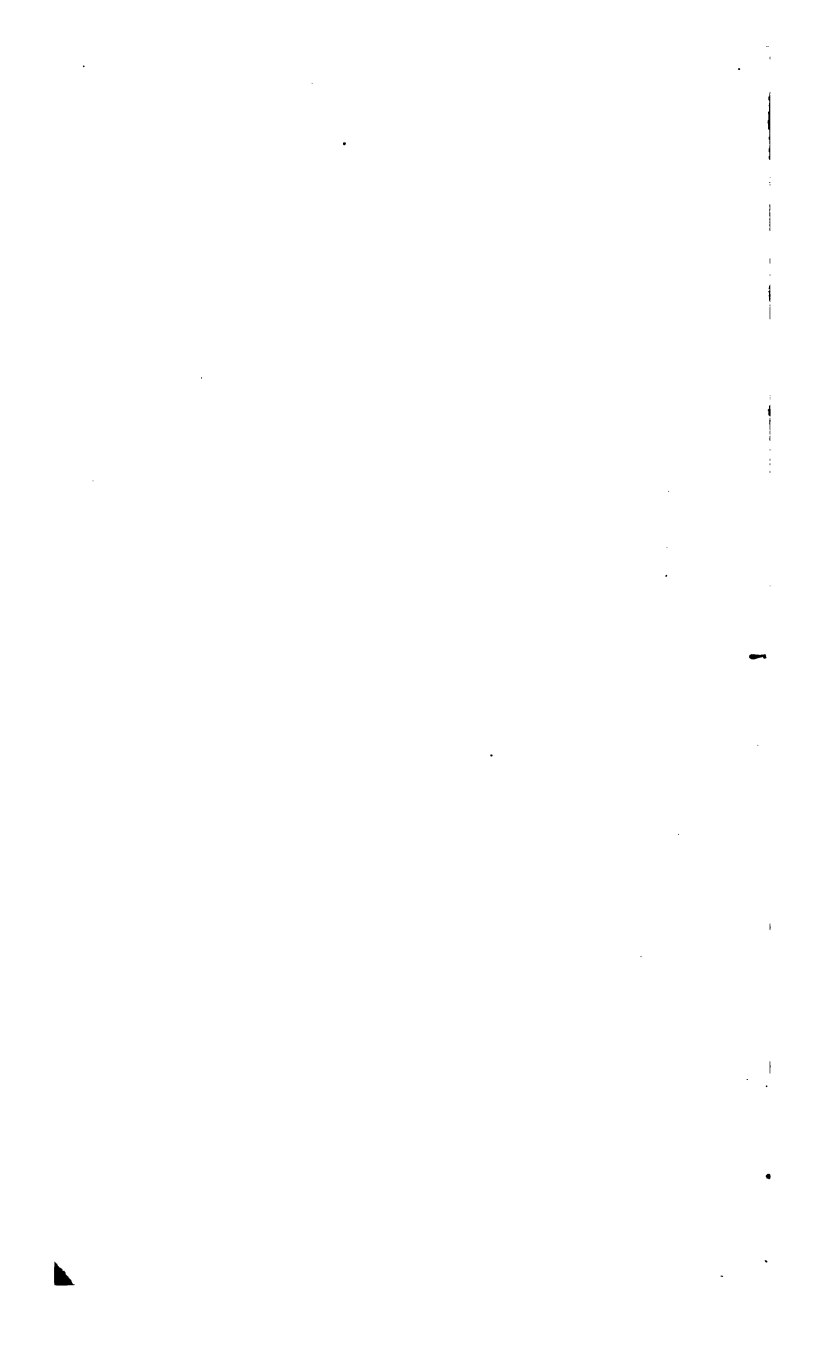
*To all the Stern Critics, whose fountain pens have rained reams of rebuke, and who with foam-bedecked faces have chased me madly across the Plains of Space, I say, merely, that this is **NUMBER SIX** in a series that reached a total sale of 403,000 copies on February 1st, 1904. All of which goes to show that the Harpoon Thrower cuts mighty little ice, and the Knocker is his own worst nuisance. Peace be unto thee!*

323027



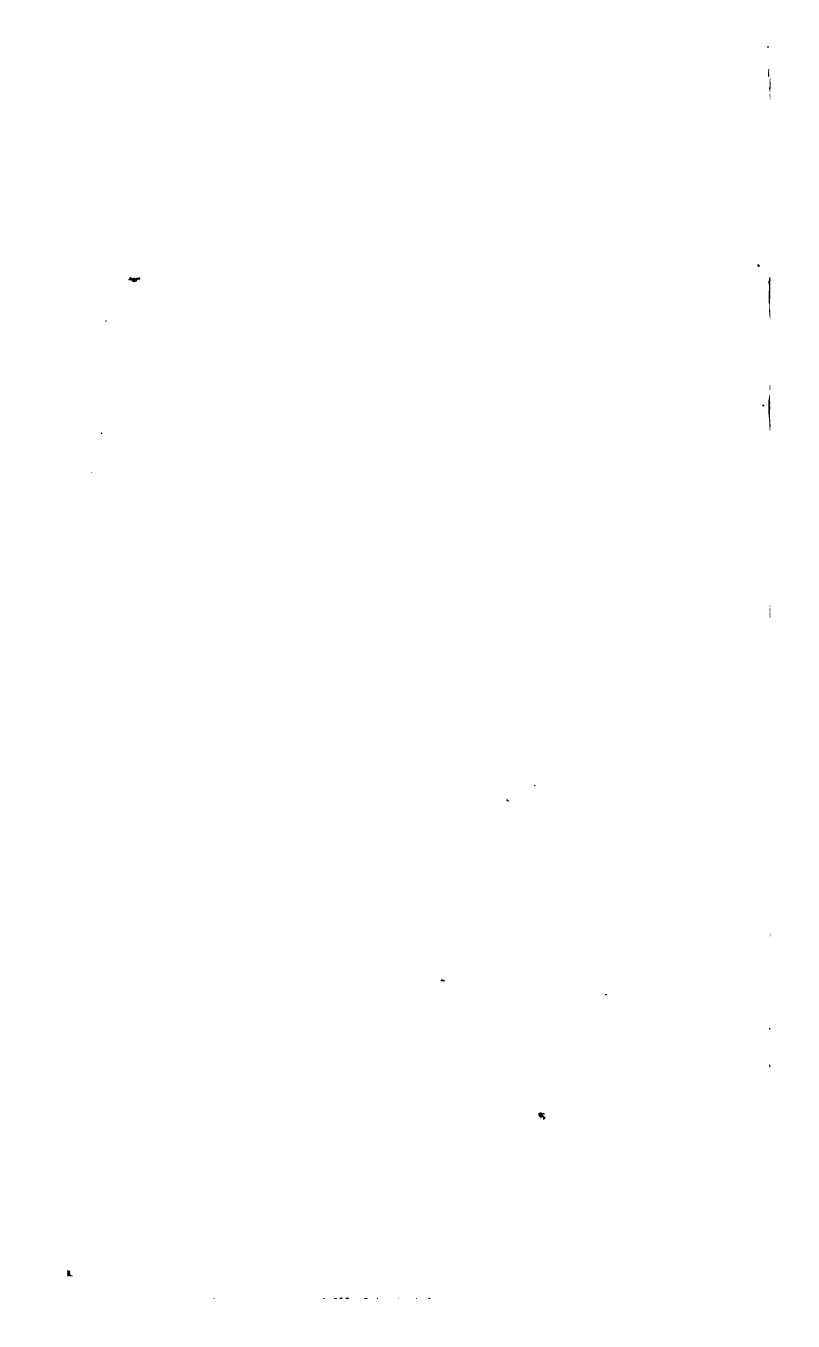
CONTENTS.

	PAGE
JOHN HENRY'S PAL	11
JOHN HENRY'S PLAN	25
JOHN HENRY'S PICNIC	42
JOHN HENRY'S PLUNGE	59
JOHN HENRY'S PIPE	75
JOHN HENRY'S PILGRIMS	87
JOHN HENRY'S PIE	105



ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
John Henry and Clara J.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Alice and Bunch	25
Uncle Peter and Uncle William	42
Lena, Tacks and Aunt Martha. . . .	59
Murf Higginbottom, Dike Lawrence and Barney Sullivan.	75
Ikey Schwartz and Thad.	87



I NEED THE MONEY

CHAPTER I.

JOHN HENRY'S PAL.

“**S** E V E N thousand simoleums to the bad!” echoed Bunch Jefferson, as we sat in the Club and made rapid passes at a light luncheon.

“Surest thing you know,” I answered. “Poor old Uncle Peter is paddling after the ponies and his pocketbook is leaking like a scuttled ship.”

“Busy Uncle Peter, of all the come-ons! It sounds like a pipe paragraph, it does, John,” laughed Bunch.

“It’s the goods, Bunch,” I answered. “Ever since that little filly, *Peaches*,

win the big race and Clara J. accidentally tore off \$10,000 Uncle Peter has had colts in the hat-block. The old man is certainly horse-haunted. He spends all his time at the track, dipping out hot-air to the stable boys and jockeys and trainers, and the only win he has made so far is 50 cents car fare the day he had to stay home and nurse his rheumatism."

Bunch laughed so earnestly that one of the lamb chops hopped off the plate and started to leave the room.

"And you, John?" he inquired when he got back, "what have the Captains of Industry been doing to you since I saw you three months ago?"

"To me!" I answered, throwing the chest out a foot and giving Bunch the busy glare, "Never no more! Every penny I have is nailed to the floor, and the floor goes in the safe at sundown. I admit freely that for quite some time I traveled with the Andrew Carnegie

push and tried to give my coin away, but I'm through. I've stopped splashing."

"Still living at Ruraldene?" Bunch inquired.

"Yes," I answered. "Still in the foothills. You must come out and camp with me in the bungalow for a week or two, Bunch. The fresh air will do you good."

"Thanks, John; I do need a rest after that South American trip. Very likely I'll take a long breath and rush out your way the latter part of next week," Bunch responded.

"Latter part of next week," I echoed; "oh! yes, now I remember. Uncle William Gray and Alice are expected home from Europe about that time and they have a castle in the cornfield next to ours—tush, Bunch, tush!"

Bunch put on a little pink around the gills.

"When are you and Alice going to

trot in double harness, Bunch?" I asked. "Seems to me you've been dodging the minister about long enough now!"

"I'm for a license the next minute after I overcome Uncle William's objections," Bunch answered, mournfully. "He says Alice is too much to the kindergarten to leave home yet. Say, John, I'm afraid the old gentleman handed out the set-back just because he doesn't approve of me."

"Saw that off," I said; "why, you're white all the way through, Bunch, and Uncle William knows it. Alice is the apple of his eye and he likes to have his apple where he can see it; that's all, Bunch. You'll get her all right, if I have to go and drag her away myself."

Bunch laughed and changed the subject.

"And do you mean to tell me you fell heir to a fancy dust-thrower like

that *Peaches* filly and never sent her out after a wad of real money?" he inquired. "Why somebody ought to take you by the ear and scold you!"

"Nix, Bunch," I answered; "I sold *Peaches* to Murf Higginbottom, the trainer; soaked the rake-off in a slice of real estate and to-day I'm away to the good. Honest, Bunch, I'm now about six blocks up Easy Street, and walking fast. Sometimes when I think of that little bunch of bills in the bank I get so stuck on myself I want to run over to Philadelphia and laugh at the mint."

"Oh, slice your cake, John!" chirped Bunch. "I've seen you with a bundle of money before now, but the snow drifted in the safe, nevertheless."

Bunch is the original Human Frost. It tickles him to throw icewater on the warm babies.

"It strikes me queer," Bunch went on after a pause; "that you'd sell

Peaches after she got so busy in that big race and handed you out such a fancy finish!"

"I didn't exactly sell *Peaches*," I answered. "Murf Higginbottom, the Kentucky ge'man, hauled in a large wad on that very race, so for a cash consideration I let him have *Peaches* for three years. He'll treat her white, you can bet on that. Clara J. and I intend to save up, and at the end of three years we'll have a home for *Peaches*, and she won't have a thing to do but pull a six-pound dog-cart once or twice a week, and bite her way through all the hand-painted oats she wants for life!"

"It seems pitiful," sighed Bunch, "to see a man get his hooks into a streak of luck and then let go of the hooks."

"Blame it all on the wise little Gazeboine who answers roll call when you mention Clara J.," I answered. "She

figured it out that the amount she won by accident just about broke even with the various sums I've lost by design, so 'John,' says she, 'cut your cables and drift away! drift away!'

"And you drifted," laughed Bunch.

"Say, Bunch, do you expect me to sit on the doorstep of a Foolish House all my life?" I inquired. "Don't you think I owe it to my wife and my relations to put the pipe down once in a while and pretend I'm awake? What do I know about horses? It was Murf who turned the trick, and if I had followed it up it was me for the cold storage, sure. It would have been a case of Airship Mike, up and away as the crow flies for little Johnny's money. There's only one cinch at the track, believe me, Bunch, and that's the Bookmaker. He's the only one down there who can keep a ten-spot long enough to look at the pictures on it."

"Wait, John," Bunch broke in; "I've got a great and original idea!"

"Be kind to it, Bunch; it's in a strange land," I admonished.

"You say Uncle Peter is going the pace that kills the Bookies with joy?"

"The old man is on the hot-foot, sure thing," I answered. "Of course, he's not really likely to go broke because he has so much money that the only way he could lose it all is to drop it in a well. Nervertheless, it's painful to watch him going up against the breakers every day and having it put all over him till his financial system is black and blue."

"What do the home folks think about it?" inquired Bunch.

"Up to now they aren't wise to the fact that Uncle Peter is so busy at the bonfire!" I answered. "There's a strong smell of smoke about his bank account, but there's been no alarm turned in. Aunt Martha has noticed

great changes in Uncle Peter, however, and it's only a question of time when she'll catch him with the goods. It used to be that the old fellow was very pleasant company around the house, but now when he rolls home of an evening the first thing he does is to take a running kick at the cat, and then he drops into a Morris chair and barks sullenly at the landscape till the hash whistle blows. How about that idea of yours, Bunch?"

"I'll be there in a minute," Bunch replied; "first of all, John, do you want to cure Uncle Peter of this race-track habit?"

"Don't ask me riddles, Bunch," I snapped; "wouldn't you work overtime to stop a dippy relative from shoveling his gold dust into another man's cellar? Sure, I want to cure him; but how? I tried to suggest to him quietly on several occasions that he's up against the Squeezers, but Uncle Peter just cut

off a cackle and said he knew his business. I told him that a man had to learn the horses backwards and sideways, going and coming, from Alpha to Omaha, before he could hope to pull down any sure money, but he dismissed the subject by saying he was on his way from Alpha to Omaha now, and, besides, if he wanted to pitch a bit of money overboard, it was his own he was pitching. What can you do with a clothespin like that? He has the fever, Uncle Peter has, and it will take heroic measures to cool him off."

"How would you like to be the ice bag?" said Bunch, quietly.

"What's the gag, Bunch? Are you leading me up to the center so you can ask me how old is Ann?" I growled.

"Nix now, John," Bunch responded; "didn't you say a few minutes ago that the only real breadwinner at the track is the Bookmaker?"

"That belief for mine," I answered.

"Well, why don't you take a hand and gather in Uncle Peter's loose change?" Bunch went on.

"I become a Bookmaker!" I gasped.

"Sure," said Bunch; "isn't it the shell road to wealth? Isn't it Cinch Avenue all the way to the bank? All you have to do is to coax Uncle Peter into your parlor and get his roll. After a while when the old gentleman's fit of coughing is over and he backs away from the fight, disgusted and sick of it, you can hand him his money, minus the commissions, and give him such a shock of joyous surprise that he'll stand on his head and thank you with both feet."

It sounded like a wise wheeze.

"But Uncle Peter would recognize me, and it would be all to the frizzle," I cried, suddenly. "Clara J. wouldn't fancy it if she learned I was fooling around the track again after she had squared matters for me and put me

even. I guess I'd better let Uncle Peter plod along to the poor-house," I added, sadly.

"Nonsense, John," chortled Bunch. "You don't have to appear in the matter at all. Besides, I'll take a hand in the game myself."

"You be the Bookmaker, that's it, fine Bunch, fine!" I yelled.

"Not exactly," he broke in; "but I can get a fly lad named Ikey Schwartz to stall for us. Ikey is a member in good standing of the Bookmakers' Brotherhood and Burning Money Hunters Association. I've known Ikey for years, and, since our object is purely philanthropic, I'm sure he'll be glad to give us the helping mitt."

"What'll it cost to put this production on, Bunch? I'm quite willing to rush to Uncle Peter's rescue, but I'm not eager to sprain my ankles in so doing," I said.

"We won't take a single chance,"

Bunch answered. "Before we go any further, John, I must tell you that my motives are not wholly unselfish. I've got an idea that if I can make myself solid with Uncle Peter he may be induced to square me with Uncle William Gray, and thereby enable me to lead Alice away to a little old log cabin of our own."

"Drop that plate; it's hot, Bunch," I said. "Uncle Peter Grant and William Gray never speak as they pass by. You've picked out the wrong answer."

"I know all about that," Bunch came back, "but Uncle William has great faith in Uncle Peter's judgment, just as hard. However, I'll take a long chance on all that. How much loose coin have you, John?"

"About \$5,000 loose, besides the bundle that's working in the real estate business; but that's tied up so hard I can't get at it," I answered.

"All right," Bunch went on; "we'll

be equal partners in this deal. It'll take about \$10,000 to make the picture look right."

"What!" I yelled; "me risk \$5,000 to teach Uncle Peter how to behave! Not on your horoscope! If Uncle Peter wants to take a walk on the road to ruin I'm not going to flag him—not when it costs me \$5,000 to buy the flag, nix!"

"Wait! wait!" Bunch broke in; "feel for the soft pedal and come back to Quiet Valley. Didn't I tell you we wouldn't take any chances? Do you suppose I'm dead anxious to chop up my money and feed it to the pigeons? You leave this to me, and I'll guarantee you'll save Uncle Peter and be a hero to your family forever and ever. Are you game? Say the word and we'll hunt up Ikey Schwartz!"

"Light the gas, Bunch; I'm with you," I said.

And we shook hands on it.

11

e

o

!

1/

1

1

1

1

1

1

1

1

1

1

1

1

1

1

1



ALICE

BUNCH

CHAPTER II.

JOHN HENRY'S PLAN.

SURE enough, we soon located Ikey Schwartz in front of the Metropole, and in order to dazzle him, Bunch led the way to Rector's.

"Leave everything to me," Bunch whispered, as we shaved our hats and put our feet under a table.

"What kind of gasolene do you want to put in your boiler room?" I inquired, as the waiter drew near.

"A quart of Pommery Sec," Bunch ordered. "That's the only boozeine for little me. It has every other kind of suds pushed off the ice. Pommery for mine whenever I want to hear the birdies sing—how about it, Ikey?"

Ikey flashed a grin and tried to swallow his palate, so it wouldn't interfere with the wet spell suggested by Bunch.

Ikey belonged to the "dis, dose and dem" push.

Every long sentence he uttered was full of splintered grammar.

Every time Ikey opened his word-chest the King's English screamed for help, and literature got a kick in the slats.

He was short and thin, but it was a deceptive thinness. His capacity for storing away free liquids was awe-inspiring and a sin.

I think Ikey must have been hollow from the neck to the ankles, with emergency bulkheads in both feet.

His nose was shaped like a quarter to six o'clock. It began in the middle and rushed both ways as hard as it could. One end of it ducked into his forehead and never did come out.

His interior was sponge-lined, and when the bartenders began to send them in fast, Ikey used to lower an asbestos curtain to keep the fumes away from his brain.

Nobody ever saw Ikey at high tide.

There was surely something wrong with Ikey's switchboard, because he could wrap his system around more Indian laughing-juice without getting lit up than any other man in the world.

But Ikey was the compliments of the season, all right, all right.

When Bunch propounded his scheme to head off Uncle Peter before the old gentleman could qualify for the position of butler at the almshouse, Ikey fell for it in a minute.

He was ours to command—another quart of Pommery here, waiter!

It soon developed that Ikey had been up against a losing streak, and he was about ready to quit till his hoodoo went off duty, but if we were willing to pay

for the chalk he'd keep the shop open another week and follow our instructions to the letter.

"How much will it set us back for running expenses?" I inquired, while Ikey dove into the wine-glass and came up again for a long breath.

"Only a few hundred," Bunch broke in. "That's merely a detail, John. Besides, we'll make Uncle Peter pay for the medicine. If it cures his attack of rush of money to the fingers he won't care. You don't suppose we're going to open a life-saving station for his benefit and pay for the privilege, do you? Not for mine, Johnny!"

"You're right, Bunch," I acquiesced; "we'll deduct all expenses before handing Uncle Peter back his squandered fortune; that's only fair."

"Is dis old geezer upholstered wit' coin?" Ikey asked.

"Who, Uncle Peter!" I answered;

"Say, he has nearly all there is in the world. Every time he signs a check a National Bank goes out of existence. He tried to count it once, but he sprained his wrists and had to quit."

Ikey's eyes twinkled. He was so deeply interested he forgot to dip up the bubble-juice.

"Uncle Peter," I went on; "why, when he goes into a bank the government bonds get up and yell, 'Hello, Papa!' Whenever he cuts coupons it's like a sheep shearing. He has muscles all over him like Sandow's, just from lifting mortgages. Uncle Peter can make Rockefeller's wad look as mean as a \$5 bill at a church bazaar. Every time Uncle Peter thinks how much money he has he gets enlargement of the brain, just to accommodate the figures—am I right, Bunch?"

"Den why not let dat old Guzam upset his dough-pan?" asked Ikey in astonishment. "Youse is committin'

a crime to stop an old Gazabe like dat from cuttin' loose. What he needs is a helper and I ain't a bit busy."

"John has his josh rags on; don't mind him, Ikey!" admonished Bunch. "Uncle Peter is well fixed, but if he keeps on throwing his coin at the horses they'll kick their initials all over his assets, sure thing. Now, boys, it's all understood, eh? Ikey, we'll meet you at the track to-morrow and arrange our plan of campaign. Here's to our scheme, and drink hearty!"

Ikey went overboard for a final swim in the Pommery when suddenly Bunch tapped me on the arm.

"Look!" he said, and the next instant I beheld Clara J., Aunt Martha and Tacks sailing over in our direction.

With a whispered admonition to Bunch to keep Ikey still I went for-

ward to meet my wife, her aunt and her small brother.

They were as surprised as I was.

"It was such a delightful day that Aunt Martha and I couldn't resist the temptation to do a little shopping," Clara J. rattled on; "and then we decided to come here for a bit of luncheon—why, Mr. Bunch! I'm *so* glad to see you! I understood John to say you were in South America! Really! How lovely! John, hadn't we better take another table so that your friendly conference may not be interrupted?"

I hastened to assure Clara J. that it wasn't a conference at all. We had met Mr. Schwartz quite by accident. Then I introduced Ikey to the ladies.

He got up and did something that was supposed to be a bow, but you couldn't tell whether he was tying his shoe or coming down a step ladder.

When Ikey tried to bend a Society

double he looked like one of the pictures that goes with a rubber exerciser, price 75 cents.

After they had ordered club sandwiches and coffee I explained to Clara J. and Aunt Martha that Mr. Schwartz was a real estate dealer. Ikey began to swell up at once.

"Bunch and I are going in a little deal with Mr. Schwartz," I explained. "He knows the real estate business backwards. Mr. Schwartz has a fad for collecting apartment houses. He owns the largest assortment of People Coops in the city. All the modern improvements, too. Hot and cold windows, running gas and noiseless janitors. Mr. Schwartz is the inventor of the idea of having two baths in every apartment so that the lessee will have less excuse for not being water broke."

Ikey never cracked a smile.

"In Mr. Schwartz's apartment

houses," I continued, while Bunch kicked my shins under the table; "you will find self-freezing refrigerators and self-leaving servants. All the rooms are light rooms, when you light the gas. Two of his houses overlook the Park and all of them overlook the building laws. The floors are made of concrete so that if you want to bring a horse in the parlor you can do so without kicking off the plaster in the flat below. Every room has folding doors, and when the water pipes burst the janitor has folding arms."

"Quit your joshing, John! you'll embarrass Mr. Schwartz," laughed Bunch somewhat nervously, but Ikey's grin never flickered.

"Is Mr. Schwartz deaf and dumb," Clara J. whispered.

"Intermittently so," I whispered back; "sometimes for hours at a time he cannot speak a word and can hear only the loudest tones."

Aunt Martha heard me and the good old soul was all sympathy at once. She sat next to our Bookmaker friend so she leaned over in an effort to be pleasant, put her mouth close to the astonished Ikey's ear and yelled in a shrill treble, "Lovely day, Mr. Schwartz!"

Poor Ikey looked reproachfully at the old lady a second, then with gathering astonishment he slid silently off the chair and struck the floor with a bump.

Aunt Martha was so rattled over this unexpected effort on Mr. Schwartz's part that she upset her coffee and Ikey got most of it in the back of the neck.

When peace was finally restored Bunch inquired about Uncle Peter's health.

"Never better," answered Aunt Martha. "During the last few months he has gone about more than he used

to. Almost every day he is at the race track in the interest of the Society he is a member of."

"What Society is that?" Bunch inquired.

"The S. P. C. A." replied the old lady. "Peter tells me that there is much cruelty to animals practised at the race track so he has determined to do all he can to stop it."

I winked at Bunch and immediately he began to cough till I thought the boy would choke. I would have given eight dollars for a good excuse to laugh out loud. Ikey took it all in without batting an eye.

"I think Uncle Peter is awfully good and noble to devote his time to such a worthy cause, don't you, Mr. Bunch?" inquired Clara J. Bunch mumbled something incoherent and took another choke.

"I'm so glad that John has really made up his mind never to bet another

penny on horses," Clara J. went on. "I think when a man has lost a whole lot of money in that manner and then wins it back quite by accident he should be satisfied and not tempt Fortune again, don't you, Mr. Bunch?"

"I certainly do," replied Bunch vigorously.

"Oh! I'm all through," I added. "I wouldn't bet another dollar on a skate, not if they promised to hurry it around the track in an automobile—not for mine!"

Clara J. patted me lovingly on the back and Aunt Martha beamed over her glasses.

"Peter and I are so proud of John now that he has settled down to a business career," the old lady said looking straight at Ikey who never moved a muscle. "Peter was saying the other evening how heartbreaking it must be for those poor souls who risk their all on a race. He told me

that if it were not for his deep interest in the S. P. C. A. he would never go near a track. We are so delighted, Clara J. and Uncle Peter and I, that John never will bet again."

Bunch was fixing his throat for another choke when suddenly my youthful brother-in-law, Tacks, came to the surface with a letter in his hand.

Tacks had spotted the missive lying on the floor near Ikey's chair, so young Mr. Buttinski had to get busy and pick it up.

"Here's a letter I found on the floor," he chirped, and then to show the profound depths of his learning the little imp read the address in slow, deliberate tones, "*Mr. I. Schwartz, Bookmaker, Brighton Beach Race Track, New York.*"

Clara J. went into the ice business right away quick.

Aunt Martha in pained surprise looked at me and then at Bunch and

finally focused a steady beam of interrogation upon the countenance of Mr. Schwartz.

Ikey never whimpered.

Then Bunch took the letter from the open-eyed Tacks and leaped to the rescue while I came out of the trance slowly.

"It's too bad Mr. Schwartz forgot his ear trumpet," Bunch said quickly and Ikey was wise to the tip in a minute.

Clara J. sniffed suspiciously and I knew she had the gloves on.

"Mr. Schwartz's affliction is terrible," she said with a chill in every word. "How did you converse with him before our arrival?"

"Oh! he understands the lip language and can talk back on his fingers," I hastened to explain, looking hard at Ikey whose mask-like face gave no token that he understood what was going on.

"I thought I understood you to say Mr. Schwartz is a real estate dealer!" Peaches continued, while the thermometer went lower and lower.

"So he is," I replied, mentally arranging pleasant surprises for Tacks in the near future.

"Then why does his correspondent address him as a Bookmaker?" my wife said slowly, and I could hear the icebergs grinding each other all around me.

"I think I can explain that," Bunch put in quietly. Then with the utmost deliberation he looked Ikey in the eye and said, "Mr. Schwartz, it's really none of my business, but would you mind telling me why you, a real estate dealer, should have a letter in your possession which is addressed to you as a Bookmaker? Answer me on your fingers."

Ikey delivered the goods.

In a minute he had both paws

working overtime and such a knuckle twisting no mortal man ever indulged in before.

"He says," Bunch began to interpret, "that the letter is not his. It is intended for Isadore Schwartz, a wicked cousin of his who follows the races. Mr. Schwartz is now complaining bitterly with his fingers because his letters and those intended for his renegade nephew become mixed almost every day. These mistakes are made because the initials are identical. He also says that—he—hopes — the — presence—of—this—particular — letter—in — his — possession—does—not — offend — the—ladies — because—while—it—is—addressed—to—a—race — track—gambler—the — contents — are—quite — harmless — being — but—a—small—bill—from—the—dentist."

Ikey's fingers kept on working nervously as though he felt it his duty

to wear them out, and the perspiration rolled off poor Bunch's forehead.

"Tell him to cease firing," I said to Bunch; "he'll sprain his fingers and lose his voice."

Ikey doubled up all his eight fingers and two thumbs in one final shout and subsided.

"I'm afraid we'll miss the 4.18 train if we don't hurry," said Peaches, and I could see that the storm was over although she still glanced suspiciously at poor Ikey.

"Buy Ikey two more quarts of Pommery and let him wade around in it," I whispered to Bunch as we started for the depot.

As we pulled out of the Mayonnaise Mansion I looked back at Ikey to thank him with a farewell nod.

He was half way under the table, holding both hands to his sides, and making funny faces at the carpet.

Bunch was ahead of us, indulging in another choke.

CHAPTER III.

JOHN HENRY'S PICNIC.

BUNCH walked around to the Grand Central Station with us and I found a moment wherein to make a date for to-morrow's meeting.

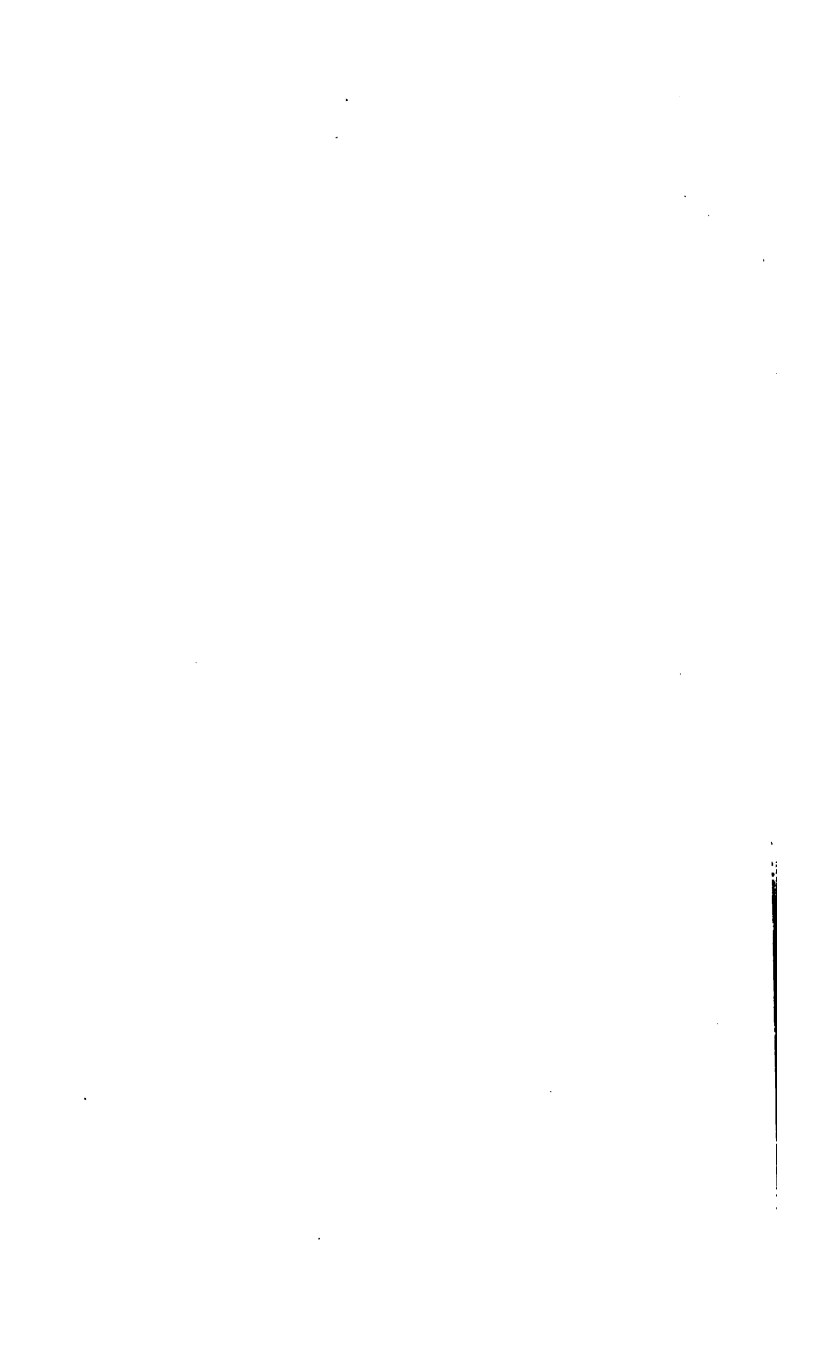
Nothing was said about the real estate business on the way home, but I could see that although Peaches now had her semaphore set for a clear track she still had a few cold doubts about friend Ikey.

Of course I couldn't tell her our plan for Uncle Peter's salvation without giving the old gentleman dead away, and, besides, the secret might leak out and my busy relative would break off a few horse laughs at my expense.



UNCLE PETER

UNCLE WILLIAM



Uncle Peter blew into Ruraldene a little earlier than usual that evening, and with him was a stranger.

The old gentleman was in excellent spirits and introduced his friend to us as Mr. Barney Sullivan.

"He's a co-worker and deeply interested in the S. P. C. A.," I heard cagey Peter whisper hoarsely to Aunt Martha and Clara J., but I was wise to the visitor.

Barney was none other than a little Tad tout I'd often seen around the tracks, but I couldn't imagine why Uncle Peter had dragged him into our home life.

Of course the women folks saw nothing strange in the fact that Uncle Peter brought a co-worker in a good cause home with him, but it was me for the Sherlock Holmes thing, quick.

It was all right enough for my esteemed relative to throw his money

to the sparrows, but why ask one of the sparrows home to dinner?

Barney was short and wide, with a graceful figure, like a turnip.

When he wasn't talking he was laughing, and when Barney laughed he opened his face on hinges at both ears and kept it open for five minutes. If his head were a few feet thicker he'd make a good tunnel.

When Barney talked all you had to do was turn on a green light to find yourself in Ireland. His brogue was thick enough to make an Englishman yell for a bobby.

Uncle Peter never left Barney, and after dinner they sat on the veranda together and chatted like old cronies, although I fancied at times that Barney showed symptoms of nervousness.

"And why wouldn't you live on Fifth Avenue in New York, Mr. Sullivan?" Uncle Peter was saying when I joined them to smoke a cigar, "if,

as you say, you expect to be a very rich man some day?"

"Fift' Avenoo is no place for th' Irish," Barney replied. "A frind iv mine tried it wance and bit his tongue. His name were Jawn O'Dowd, th' prize fighter; perhaps you know Jawn?"

"No, I don't think so," Uncle Peter said, encouragingly.

"Jawn made so much money in the fightin' business that he blew himself for a small palace on Fift' Avenoo," Barney went on. "It were a foine place near th' Ashtorbilts and th' Vander-golds. Jawn have a house that's the divvle for shtyle, and he have a bunch of typewrittin' machines fer to kape his voice in trainin' be manes iv printin' a letter wance in a while in the newspapers."

Uncle Peter smiled and Barney continued.

"They's lace curtains in th' windys,

an' in th' front hall they's a marble bust iv a woman be th' name iv Vaynus, but it looks more like a gurrul be th' name iv Marguerite Roscommon that wurruks in th' front row iv a burlesque throop. If th' throlley car'd chop off her arms she'd be a ringer for that woman, Vaynus."

Uncle Peter looked around, somewhat fearful the story might be long on Venus and short on wardrobe, but Barney went right ahead.

"In Jawn's parlor they's pitchers be Pat Rembrandt, Mike Angelo an' Tim Clancy. Clancy's th' best, riprisintin' th' eighth round iv a go bechune O'Dowd an' a felly be th' name iv Muttonchops McGuire. Ye can see Jawn handin' McGuire a long, low push in th' short ribs be means iv his foot. Th' riferee's face is turned th' other way, an' they's a bunch iv green money as big as th' fist iv ye per-troodin' from his pocket. McGuirk is

his name. He's runnin' a saloon now in Akron, Ohio. Th' pitcher is a masterpiece, an' Clancy played th' races off th' proceeds for six weeks before th' tanbark ups an' hits him a belt in th' neck."

Uncle Peter nodded his approval.

"Jawn O'Dowd is livin' bechune a Ashtorbilt an' a Vandergoold," Barney continued. "He have a thrunk full iv pitcher books an' novels locked up in th' cellar an' he have a nickle-plated growler an' a man in livery to rush it at th' crook iv his finger. Life is complete. Wan day wan iv th' Ashtorbilts stops be th' front door where Jawn O'Dowd is settin' on th' marble steps, eatin' a chicken sandwich an' enj'yin' th' air in his shirt sleeves.

"'Beg pardon,' says Ashtorbilt, 'but I'm on me way to th' Gowf Links an' I've misplaced me niblick. Will ye do me th' kindness to lend me th' loan

iv yer niblick fer th' afternoon," says he.

"What t'hell's a niblick?" says Jawn to himself, battin' his eyes an' not darin' to show his ignorance fer fear iv bein' oystercized socially by th' Ashtorbilts. 'Set down on th' shtep, Willie,' says he, 'an' I'll go look!' says he.

"It takes Jawn tin minutes to come back. 'I have th' cook an' th' rist iv me staff lookin' fer th' niblick, Willie,' says he. 'They ain't none on th' ice at present,' says he, 'but me footman thinks they's wan in th' dark room in th' sicond cellar,' says he. 'I'll sind it to ye, Willie,' says he. 'Call agin.'

"Me frind Jawn sets there with th' perspiration rollin' down his jowls wit' worryin' over what th' divvle's a niblick when wan iv th' Vandergoulds comes along.

"'Askin' yer pardon,' says Vandergould, 'but I'm goin' out to th' Gowf

Links in me mobile an' a careless servant have mislaid me lofter an' me brassie. Could ye lend me th' loan iv a lofter an' a brassie till tomorry?"

"'I will, Corny,' says Jawn O'Dowd, risin' up an' backin' in th' door; 'I will,' says he, 'just as soon as I can find a niblick fer Willie Ashtorbilt,' says he. Then he slams the front door, rushes out th' back door an' never shtops till he rayches Canal Street an' th' Bowery. Th' nixt day O'Dowd ixchanges his Fift' Avenoo property fer goold bonds an' some stock in a fertilizer factory, an' he moves to Gowanus."

Barney was thoughtful for a moment. "That shows ye," he went on with a sigh, "that shows ye that oil and water don't mix, and Society have more ways than wan iv kapein' itself to itself."

Uncle Peter laughed long and loud over the story, but when Barney got

up and moved off towards the gate the old fellow was after him like a shot.

I couldn't size the game up at all.

Just what Uncle Peter's object could be in making a friend of this Tad tout was more than I could guess.

Back they came to the house, arm in arm, and presently Uncle Peter said he would show Barney to his room for the night.

As they went into the house I noticed that Barney's lamps were burning darkly, and that every once in a while he sized Uncle Peter up as though figuring on the result if they'd clinch, but nothing happened.

Peaches was busy in the library with some letters she had to write so I sat alone on the veranda until presently I heard Uncle Peter coming down the stairs again.

Aunt Martha was waiting for him at the foot of the stairs and I heard her say in startled tones, "Peter, what

is all this mystery about? You've locked your guest in his room."

"I did, my dear," Uncle Peter replied in a barky sort of a way, "but I didn't think you saw me. Had to do it. It's this way, my dear; I gave this man some money at the race track this afternoon to use in the furtherance of an idea in connection with our Society and he betrayed the trust I placed in him."

I heard Aunt Martha's start of astonishment and then the whole gag dawned on me.

Uncle Peter had given Barney some money to put on a horse and the latter had held it out, believing the horse named would not win. That much was plain, but just why—Uncle Peter was explaining further:

"He dodged me but I finally caught him and demanded my money back. You know, my dear, our Society can-

not afford to throw money away like that."

It was all I could do to keep from shrieking outright, but I bit deep into my handkerchief and listened while old Munchausen hoisted the black flag and sailed the liar's sea.

"He told me he had lost the money," Uncle Peter was murmuring in her ear, but he could be heard all over the house. "So I said, 'Very well, you will be my guest, sir, till you find it!' and so I brought him home with me."

"But why didn't you call a policeman and give him in charge?" asked the startled Aunt Martha. "I won't sleep a wink to-night with that man in the house."

"Nonsense, my dear," said Uncle Peter, soothingly. "He is perfectly harmless. You see I couldn't very well hand him over to a policeman, because that would bring me a lot of undesirable notoriety. Kindness, my

dear, kindness always wins, understand? I shall be so kind to him that by to-morrow afternoon he'll be quite willing to find my lost money. There now, Martha, don't worry. Kindness never yet failed to win the day." Then in a much lower tone, "In the meantime, my dear, don't say anything about this matter to anybody, especially John."

I rolled quietly off the veranda and rushed around the house to give vent to my laughter-flooded emotions.

It was all quite plain to me now. Barney had made a bad break by betting the money on some horse other than that picked by Uncle Peter. Barney's selection had lost, Uncle Peter's had won. Now the old gentleman intended to keep Barney company till the latter squared himself in work or otherwise, and the little Irishman was afraid to hot foot for fear his patron would have him pinched.

Delicious.

Just then I heard a window being opened cautiously above my head and presently through the gloom I made out the form of Barney, leaning far out and evidently calculating how much personal property he would shatter if he jumped.

I spoke to him and like a streak he ducked back into the room and the window went down with a bang.

I dished myself out another hearty laugh and then I rushed off to bed and to sleep for fear I'd be tempted to tell Clara J. all about it.

I don't know how long I slept but soon a mighty crash somewhere in the house aroused me and I awoke to find Clara J. hunting up that Colt's revolver of hers, and saying something about house-breakers.

"If that's what they are they must be breaking the house with a battering

ram," I growled as I slipped on some clothes.

The whole house was in wild confusion. Aunt Martha was wringing her hands and saying, "It's that horse Society member! It's that horse Society member! Why didn't Peter let him keep the money! We'll all be killed!"

Lena Krauss, our Dutch cook, in a make-up like a Grecian goddess on a wash day, rushed frantically into the kitchen and then out again, armed with a different weapon of defence each time.

"Vare iss id, such a robbers!" she screamed. "Show me vot id iss so I make id somedings mit der ice pickings, yes! Come here robbers! Doan'd you be afraid, I only punch your head ould! Ach, vy doan'd dem burgugulars make a cameing so I soak dem mit dis egg-slapper!"

I found the front door open and

bidding Clara J. calm the excited household I rushed out.

The moon had risen and the night was the real thing in pictures.

Soon I discovered the cause of the riot. A high iron fence encloses Dove's Nest Villa and is almost circular in form. Away over to the right I saw our friend, Barney, pegging around the fence for dear life, followed by Uncle Peter in his night shirt; and Tacks, in his dream clothes, following Uncle Peter.

Around and 'round the fence they puffed without a word and outside of the fence a neighbor's dog was acting as pacemaker and yearning for a chance to bite something.

Laugh! I rolled over on the grass and yelled like an Indian.

It was evident that poor Barney had managed to get his door open but in crawling for the stairs he upset a

table and it preceded him to the front door.

And there was Barney now, vainly searching for the gate in the iron fence, followed by old Uncle Peter Nemesis, and young Tacks, the Boy Sleuth.

Just as I dropped in behind them to make it a quartette, poor Barney tripped and fell on something; Uncle Peter fell on Barney and Tacks fell on Uncle Peter, all without a word being spoken.

I pulled them apart and asked what in Madison Square Garden it all meant.

Barney jumped to his feet and said very quietly, "I have trouble with me slape. It ain't insomnia and it ain't nightmare; it's somethin' bechixt and bechune th' two."

"He must be a somnamberlist," suggested Tacks.

"Well, Mr. Sullivan," puffed Uncle

Peter as we hustled back to the house,
"all I have to say is if you call that
walking in your sleep I'll be damned
if I want to follow you when you
run!"





LENA
AUNT MARTHA

TACKS .

CHAPTER IV.

JOHN HENRY'S PLUNGE.

THE crash of worlds which had startled the household at midnight seemed to be entirely forgotten the next morning.

Uncle Peter had leaped upon the somnambulist theory suggested by Tacks and was holding it down for all the money.

It was evident he had suggested to Clara J. and Aunt Martha the impropriety of discussing Barney's affliction, for they did a clam duet and played dead with the gab.

Uncle Peter and Barney, to the evident delight of the latter, left Ruraldene quite early and an hour or two later I met Bunch at Zurberg's road-house near the track.

Bunch had engaged a room and was in there unpacking a trunk when I answered roll call.

"What's the deal with the duds?" I inquired as he hauled a lot of farce comedy clothes out of the kick and tossed them on the chairs.

"These are for the make-up," he answered. "You don't suppose we're going to pull this play off in straight-face, do you? Bite into the strychnine, John, and get nervous! get nervous!"

Bunch was General Jackson at the head of the brigade for sure, and the interest he took in the scheme to save busy Uncle Peter was astonishing.

"What am I supposed to play in this production?" I asked, as I gave the laugh-rags the freezy look over.

"Well," replied Bunch, "in the old college days you were considered one of our best little smile-pullers. In those days you were rated high as a

comical cuss when it came to acting out, so you for the little bunch of Bill-allys on the chin, and do a Reub!"

"I do a Reub!" I gasped. "Am I supposed to put on the Keokuk coat and the Piketown pants and chew hay around the track all day?"

"Say, is Uncle Peter your relative or mine?" Bunch came back. "Are you going to back pedal now when the show is ready to open? If you want to save this money-spilling old Gazizum you'll have to roll up the sleeves and play ball, I tell you those. How are you going to tout him up to our counter so we can get his coin if you don't wear the blinders, huh?"

"And what fat part have you cast yourself for?" I asked, more than half way inclined to let Uncle Peter go the whole distance on the Perdition pike.

"Why I'm going to do a Dago boot-black," Bunch replied, "I've got all the

goods right here. Say! this whole scheme hits me just about right. I anticipate rolling up a large bundle of laughs, and, besides, doing that foolish old man a big favor. Say, John, can you catch me shining old Uncle Peter's shoes and steering him on to a sure thing, eh, what? It's a pipe, that's all it is."

Bunch's enthusiasm soon dispelled all my doubts and in a minute we were into the details of our make-up.

Presently Ikey Schwartz called as per agreement with Bunch and we went over the whole plan. Bunch had enough dough in the overalls to square things in case anybody caught Ikey with a long shot, but the latter promised to make the prices so uninviting to outsiders that there would be nothing doing around the bazaar, except for Uncle Peter.

It looked like a cinch trimmed with pansies.

All we had to do was to coax Uncle Peter up to the receiving teller and hold him there till he had a headache in the bank account. Then we'd lead him out in a vacant lot somewhere, preach him a few lines on the evils of the betting ring, and give him back his faded cush.

In my mind's eye I could see grateful Uncle Peter falling upon our necks and blessing us in seven different languages because through our unselfish efforts we had pulled him out of the clutches of the Grabheimer gang, and had saved lovable old Aunt Martha from the distress of having to go to work in a cigar factory in her old age.

Sure thing! We were two good boys to do this kindly deed.

And so a few minutes later there issued from Zurberg's Hotel a Dago bootblack and a Long Island Reub—a catchy pair, believe me!

Ikey had gone on ahead to take

down the shutters. He had full instructions how to break into Uncle Peter's good graces and tie up to the old fellow's staff. We were to play soft music around the fringe of Society and try to push my spendthrift relative over against the philanthropic brace game, but under no circumstances were we to crony up to Ikey, unless he yelled for financial help, a contingency to be carefully guarded against by all of us.

Bunch surely looked the part. His face had been treated with a hand-painted complexion that took him to Genoa and back on the same steamer, and he had the Guinea crouch down fine.

He was so tickled over the prospect of the rich joke that spread out before him that he kept laughing inwardly till I thought he'd explode and spoil my \$8 suit.

Say! I was all to the Oshkosh!

With the store clothes, and the wig, and the imitation Panama hat made out of cracked oats, and the neat little group of wind-teasers on the chin, I was a regular Silas Tobasco Perkins, from Hickory Corners, b'gosh!

We separated before reaching the gate, after naming a spot where we'd meet in an hour to compare notes. Bunch joined the push of pikers on their way through the turnstile to the Promised Land, and a little later I followed.

It was now up to me to do a gawk specialty and I went after the record.

I rubbered my way into the betting ring, saw that Ikey was at his post and then I went on a still hunt for Uncle Peter.

While exercising the elastic in my neck just outside the betting pit I carelessly put one of my elbows into the dining arrangements of a hurrying stranger and the next moment he

treated me to about a pound of the warmest verbal remonstrance I ever listened to.

With his first word I turned and recognized my old friend, the Kentucky horse trainer, Murf Higginbottom.

"Yo' all cert'nly should know that my stomach ain't no place for yo' elbow, suh!" he expostulated. "Ain't they room enough in this big world, suh, for yo' elbow without lacerating my personal property? I don't know much about medicine, suh, but I know enough to tell yo' all that a stranger's elbow ain't got any business in my stomach, suh!"

I tried to apologize for bombarding his Little Mary, but Murf was sore all over.

"Yo' all can't cut a gully through my right of way, suh, and then square yo'self by laying the blame to accident, suh!" Murf spluttered. "I

made it a rule all my life, suh, to bump them that bump me, and if yo' all has any of the true ge'man in yo', suh, yo' best follow me to a quiet spot and get yo' bump, suh!"

Then I leaned over and whispered the pass word in Murf's ear. He jumped as though shot and looked at me keenly. Then he cracked open a loud laugh and asked for the particulars.

"Yo' all cert'nly did fool yo' obedient servant," Murf chuckled. "And I'm sholy glad yo' didn't follow me to a quiet spot because yo' all was cert'nly due to get bumped, John, yo' cert'nly was!"

"We'll go to the quiet spot anyway, Murf," I said, "I must put you wise to the vaudeville act I'm playing and get your help to win out."

When I explained the whole situation to Murf he laughed till I thought his mine would explode.

I promised to do some business with you, didn't I?"

Ikey spread out a grin and answered, "Yes, sir, Mr. Grant."

"What is the name of your choice, Mr. Dodd?" Uncle Peter inquired turning to me.

"*Eppy Grams*," I answered; "friend of mine down Swampscott way hear'n tell as how that colt is faster'n a streak of home-made lightnin', so I reckon I'm about due to peel off ten dollars and plant it whar *Eppy Grams* can make it grow."

I read the lines for Ikey's benefit and I certainly had him on the ropes. The first sentence gave him an attack of cholera morbus and when Uncle Peter asked for the odds it was all Ikey could do to get back in time to answer.

Uncle Peter placed a hundred on *Eppy Grams* at 3 to 1 and after expressing a desire to see more of me

he bade "Mr. Dodd" good bye and rolled off to watch the race.

Ikey asked me where Bunch was and then it suddenly occurred to me that I hadn't kept the appointment.

I hustled around to locate my companion in the life saving business but not a sign of him anywhere until presently, attracted by a crowd over near the gate, I rubbered through and—picture!

In the center of the crowd stood the sullen Bunch surrounded by six or seven *real* Dago boot-doctors, all gesticulating and giving my friendless pal the double cross in Italian.

It was a sad scene.

The biggest member and leader of the besieging party had worn his tonsils down coaxing Bunch to fight it out, but the latter stood there wild-eyed and silent.

Bunch realized that if it came to blows the first crack would change his

complexion and he'd probably get pinched as a suspicious character, so he had to stand there and let those Guinea shoe-beaters shower verbal spaghetti all over him.

I knew that if I interfered toggled up in the Reub harness I'd only make matters worse, but I was just going to take a chance when a track Cop pushed through the crowd and inquired for particulars.

"Onea beega scab!" the leading man in the Dago troupe yelled; "he makea de cheap shine; beega scab!"

"No gotta da Union card!" yelled another native of Palermo, shaking a dirty fist at poor Bunch.

Oh! oh! I could feel the loud laugh on Bunch creeping to the surface.

Delighted with the ingenuity of his disguise he had danced into the arena but no sooner did the regulars in the boot-bruising industry get a peep at

the luckless Bunch than they held him up as a non-union man and a scab.

Oh! Oh!

"Onea beega scab! makea da pinch! makea da pinch!" the Dagos yelled in unison and it was up to Mr. Cop to get busy.

"What d'ye mean by buttin' in here?" the Cop asked, but Bunch didn't dare open his mouth and display his assortment of phony Italian.

"Get out of here, ye cheap skate," the Cop yelled, grabbing Bunch by the shoulder and pushing him over to the gate. "What d'ye mean be cuttin' prices and tryin' to become a Pier-pint Morgan at the expense of these regular shines?"

The Dagos yelled with delight, and I ducked so as not to add to Bunch's misery by letting him get a peep at me.

But, oh! oh! what a horse on my college chum!

"Now get out of here," commanded

the Cop as he gave Bunch a hard push through the gate, "and stay out, ye Guinea slob!"

The patent-leather pounders on the inside screamed with joy as the interloper went bouncing out of their Eden. Bunch turned angrily and was about to speak, but suddenly changed his mind and rushed off in the direction of the hotel.

When I got back to Ikey the race was over. *Eppy Grams* win and the delighted Uncle Peter cashed in amid great applause from himself.

Uncle Peter saw me and wanted to buy me a box of cigars but I excused myself and he rushed off, flooding the earth with joyous chuckles.

Making an appointment with Ikey for the morning I hurried to join the disgruntled Bunch.

Oh! oh!

When I found him he consisted of one large sore spot.

Oh!

ish

ye

ie

ie

r

i



MURF HIGGINBOTTOM
BARNEY SULLIVAN

DIKE LAWRENCE

CHAPTER V.

JOHN HENRY'S PIPE.

WHEN I reached the hotel Bunch was peeling off the make-up, and he was so mad he couldn't tell his own name.

"Damunclepeter!" he spluttered as I entered the room.

"Hello, old Cherryripe!" I chortled, pretending not to know anything about his throw-down. "Why didn't you keep your date with me at the track?"

"Damunclepeter!" he snorted, and I had all I could do to choke off the laugh. "He can take his money and his matches and have a prairie fire, for all I care—I'm through!"

"What, Bunch!" I exclaimed with well-simulated indignation; "leave me

flat now that we've got our plan cooking fine? Shake me now after letting Uncle Peter win \$300 of our good money? Bump me to the tanbark just when the wheeze is ready to pull? What's the matter with you?"

"Matterhell!" yelled Bunch, and then he told it all. "Didn't I land your flat-headed old uncle for a shoe shine five minutes after I struck the grounds! Didn't I work like a beaver to put the sparkle on his ferryboats, and didn't I tell him there wasn't any charge so's to get solid with him and be able to use him later on! And what then? Why a mob of real Macaronis hustled me away from the main push and demanded to see my union card. How'd I know that all the Guinea boot-blowers belonged to a secret society? They wanted to know what my name was and I had to keep my mouth shut like a beef stew. How could I tell what my name is in Italian?"

It's a strange fact that one has to bend almost double in order to unlace a pair of Reub shoes so Bunch couldn't see my face, which was just as well.

"They kept me there, a husky bunch of them, for over an hour, wrapping up Italian compliments in garlic and hitting me on the nose with them," Bunch went on in deep disgust. "Then a fresh Cop rolled up and threw me off the farm. Damunclepeter!"

By dint of much patience, persuasion, talk, and no laughter at all, I finally succeeded in getting Bunch down on the earth again, and he agreed to go to Ruraldene with me to begin that week's visit.

The trip to the woodlands cured him, and by the time we reached Dove's Nest Villa Bunch was as chipper as of yore and rather inclined to see a laugh peeking through the strenuous events of the day.

Uncle Peter came home that evening spry as a cricket, but never a word about the track or the horses passed his lips or ours.

Next morning we didn't even get a flash of the old fellow. Aunt Martha said he had left for town early to attend to some very important business.

At Zurberg's Hotel later on Bunch and I met Ikey and we prepared a plan to make Uncle Peter sick and tired of horses, thereafter and forever.

Ikey gave me a list of skates, one in each race, and not one of them, he was certain, had any more chance than a bundle of feathers in a hot air factory.

In my capacity as "Mr. Dodd from Swampscott," all I had to do was to tout Uncle Peter on to those cold potatoes, and try to pry him loose from a bigger wad each succeeding race. Ikey said I could do this by showing the old man how important it was to

break even on the day. All good bettors do that.

"Are you for the Dago make-up to-day, Bunch?" I asked.

"Not on your fresco!" he shouted. "I looked over enough Italian scenery yesterday to last me for a life-time. I'll be Ikey's sheet-writer to-day and keep away from the emigrant ship, thank you kindly!"

Ikey and Bunch went off to the merry-go-round with all their pockets empty in order to facilitate the handling of Uncle Peter's coin when the battle was over, and I followed a little later.

The name of the horse in the first race which Ikey said was poisoned in the running gear was *Beans*, and I soon committed that to memory.

It didn't take me long to locate Uncle Peter. He was talking earnestly with Barney Sullivan so I waited till the Tad pulled out and then I hooked

up to the old gentleman and talked shredded oats to him till I had him all over the farm.

"Well, Mr. Dodd," he said at length; "your selection was very fortunate yesterday, wasn't it?"

"Right peart!" I answered, biting into a prop straw I carried between my teeth; "I'm some acquainted with hoss flesh. Bettin' much to-day?"

"I haven't quite decided yet," Uncle Peter replied. "Do you know of anything good?"

"*Beans!*" I said, and stopped there.

I thought Uncle Peter's eye twinkled, but I wasn't sure. "*Beans,*" he repeated; then to himself, "I'll do it! I'll do it!"

"I'm layin' a small amount on *Beans,*" I went on, as a teaser. "Are you walkin' my way?"

"I believe I will," answered Uncle Peter, and he appeared to be in deep thought.

I led the way to Ikey's kiosk and noted Bunch with his back to us bent double over the sheet.

"Ten sawbucks on this here *Beans*, Mr. Bookmaker," I said in my best Swampscott, and I could see Bunch shaking from pit to dome.

Ikey was getting used to me now, and he didn't shy at the dialect.

"What is *Beans* quoted at?" inquired Uncle Peter, with his slickest Wall Stret accent.

"For you, 9 to 1," replied Ikey, as though conferring a favor ten feet long.

"Um-ah!" hesitated Uncle Peter. Then he flashed his wad, peeled off two yellow-backs and said, "A thousand on *Beans* at 9 to 1, please!"

Ikey turned a trifle pale and Bunch began to eat a lead pencil, but I felt like cutting a pigeon-wing.

"It's a pipe," I kept saying to myself; "it's a pipe! if we can coax him

to drop two or three of those big bills in the gilt frames he'll be ready to quit for keeps. It's a pipe!"

Uncle Peter took his ticket and turned to greet Dike Lawrence—my old friend Dike, the booze killer.

Dike's permanent address is No. 73 Set-em-up-again Street, corner of Thirst Avenue, near the tank factory.

Dike's principal occupation consists of leading his friends up to the bar so he can scald them with mixed drinks.

They strolled off together, and then I heard Bunch saying hoarsely to Ikey, "Yes, I know; but what if it wins!"

Ikey only shrugged his shoulders and said, "*Beans* ain't wanted to-day. I can't hear from him at all. If every other plug drops dead, *Beans* may bite the wire first; in that event you'll have to dig, dat's all; see!"

"You don't think there's any chance for *Beans*, do you, Ikey?" I asked,

unable to stand the strain longer without a word of encouragement.

"Cut it out, Reub!" Ikey came back; "the old Gazabe will get wise and it's us to de woodlands. Be on your trip West! Be on your trip West!"

I moved off to watch the race, which was just about to start, and a few minutes later Ikey and Bunch, both too nervous to stay in the background, had cuddled up to the fence near me. None of us said a word.

The horses got away like a scrambled egg. I wasn't taking very much interest in the mix-up, till suddenly Ikey yelled, "Pipe! it's *Beans* in the lead! But wait a minute, one of dem other bugs will upset the plate and spill *Beans* all over the place! What! *Beans* is pullin' away from the bunch! Oh!"

But, no; it's too painful to relate in detail.

Beans win by a week and when

that sad-eyed skate did a camel-back up to the wire poor Bunch was on the way to the undertakers.

"Dig!" yelled Ikey, hoarsely. "De old Gazabe gets his \$9,000; dig or I'll be pitchin' pennies with the welchers!"

With a groan Bunch flashed the balance of our capital stock, and as Ikey grabbed the wad and rushed back to his pie counter the firm of life-savers known as John Henry and Bunch Jefferson went out of business—down and out.

Bunch looked at me and I looked at Bunch as we ambled sadly over to take a last peek at our good money before Ikey threw it at Uncle Peter.

And the old gentleman was Charlie on-the-cars, all right, and with him was the delighted Dike Lawrence.

Uncle Peter took the money from Ikey in an off-hand way that broke my

heart and I could hear Bunch's mind give way with a crash.

Then the old fellow got a flash of me and he chuckled, "Why, Mr. Dodd! you're certainly the best horse picker I ever met! Won't you let me buy you a dinner or something to show my appreciation?"

"No, thank you," I groaned, weak and faint all over.

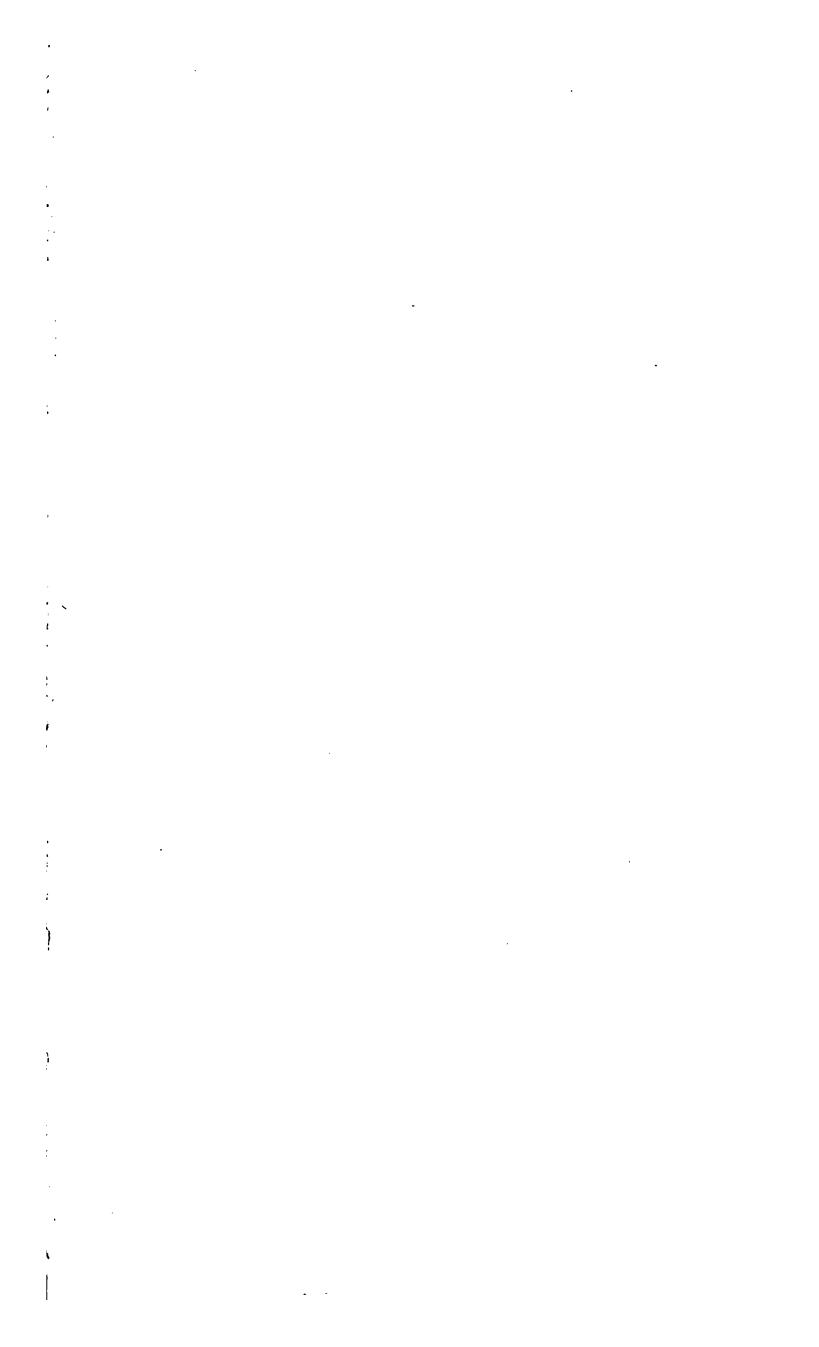
"Suppose we crack a magnum of Pommery in honor of this victory!" suggested Dike; and if looks were short-arm jabs Dike's noddle would have hit the floor.

"Well, Mr. Dodd," said Uncle Peter, "I do hope to have the pleasure of meeting you soon again. Perhaps some day I may be able to return the favor." Then he waddled off to the hose cart with the thirsty Dike.

Bunch and I went silently to our room in the hotel and after I had shed

my Reub rags for the last time, we sat in brooding silence and looked out the window.

"Damunclepeter!" said Bunch after a long, long pause.





IKEY SCHWARTZ

THAD

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN HENRY'S PILGRIMS.

“**H**OW about Ikey?” I asked after another long stage wait.

“I gave him the balance of the last remaining thousand for his work,” Bunch replied.

“His work!” I echoed.

“Yes, his work to keep his face closed,” snapped Bunch. “It’s bad enough for us to realize that we’re a pair of custard pies, but we don’t want the whole world to know it, do we?”

“Let’s go to Ruraldene and think it over,” I suggested.

“Say, John, if ever I look upon that old man’s face again I’ll want to bite his thumb off,” snarled Bunch, but af-

ter a while we both began to feel better and fled to the country.

About six o'clock Aunt Martha quietly informed me that she had received a telegram from Uncle Peter telling her not to wait dinner for him; that he would be detained for an hour or two in town.

During the meal both Aunt Martha and Clara J. took occasion to refer to Uncle Peter's deep interest in his horse Society, and dilated on the unselfishness of purpose which characterized his devotion to the poor dumb brutes of the field.

I was afraid to look across the table at Bunch for fear he'd throw the mashed potatoes at me, so I passed up the eulogy.

After dinner Bunch and I strolled off down the road to smoke our cigars and tell each other how badly we felt.

There were no recriminations, only sorrow, deep and abiding.

I began to think of all the things that lost group of money would buy and I grew heartsick.

We had walked about half a mile or so in the direction of the depot when through the twilight we beheld two Torch-bearers coming towards us arm in arm, oscillating from one side of the road to the other, and trying to sing "By the Sycamore Tree" at the top of their wine-covered voices.

If Max Hoffman ever heard those yodelers tramping on his music he'd compose their finish with a club.

Every two minutes they'd cease warbling long enough to halt in the middle of the road and clasp each other's hands, no doubt swearing an eternal friendship.

Then the two members in good standing of the Jag Builders Association would crack their hat-holders together, and again they'd tear it off:—

"The owl shed woo Shoo
By Shickamo' tree!
The owl shed woo, do,
An' know hemeantme.
You wysh o' fowlsh,
Close you eyesh o' owlsh,
Don't you peepatme
For you shooly shee
I woo my Shoo
By Shickamo' tree!"

As the Woozy Brothers drew near their forms took on familiar outlines and then all of a sudden my heart went down into my shoes and stayed there, for I recognized them both.

At the same moment Bunch exclaimed, "Great Scott, John! it's Uncle Peter and Dike Lawrence! petrified and pickled! wouldn't that ring the alarm!"

Uncle Peter soused to the bald spot! Uncle Peter, the sedate and dignified, sewed-up to the eyebrows! Uncle Peter, the model of propriety, full of benzine to the booby hatch!

I was ready to take the count.

I thought of Aunt Martha's gentle faith in the transgressor who now came flickering up the pike, and how distressed the old lady would be to see him lashed to the bottle, with his fingers all bruised from beating tunes on the cash register.

The two Café Trimmers halted again about ten feet away from us and I could hear Dike saying, "Misher Grant, you've won my eshteem and affec—affec—affeshun, shake! There'sh bond of union between ush'll never be broken, Misher Grant, never be broken. Lesh try find another saloon so'sh cement zish frien'ship—shake!"

We could see Uncle Peter vainly trying to focus Dike with one eye, and being unsuccessful in his efforts the old fellow placed his head on the other boozeologer's shoulder and bleated:

"The owl shed woo Shoo
By Shickamo' tree!"

Uncle Peter, who for years hadn't swallowed enough naphtha to float an olive, wobbling at twilight through the country lane, with all his lights lit, good and oryide!

What would the astonished and tearful Clara J. say! What would the overwhelmed Aunt Martha think to see her paragon of all the virtues with his feet in the trough!

Bunch was too dumfounded to speak, while I just stood there and batted my eyes in the expectation of waking up every minute, but nix on the wake.

The picture was there all right. Two Parsifal pilgrims returning from the feast, bumping the noddles together while they hunted for barber shop minors, and hitting up the Wagner:

"The owl shed woo Shoo
By Shickamo' tree!"

"There's only one thing to do,"

I whispered hurriedly to Bunch. "We must get them quietly in my house across the road from Dove's Nest Villa. It's almost ready for occupancy, but Clara J. and I aren't going to move in for a few weeks. If we can get them in there and asleep, possibly we can prevent news of the disaster from reaching the watchers in the old homestead."

"It's the goods," Bunch whispered back; "and we'll keep this drama of intemperance away from the women folks if we have to sandbag the Budge Brothers, Syphon and Squirt."

The two bubble-breakers bore down on us now, Dike waving a stuttering arm in an effort to beat time, while they both cut loose:—

"The owl shed woo Shoo
By Shickamo' tree!"

Then suddenly Uncle Peter and

Dike paused. They had to. Bunch and I had blocked their right of way.

"Ish ou'rageous!" Uncle Peter gurgled; "ou'rageous to shink two ge'men can't walk public thu'fare without being——" then his spluttering lungs recognized me and he fell into my arms joyfully.

"John, ish proudesth moment of my life," Uncle Peter hiccoughed. "Mush present friend of mine. Misher Lawrence, permit me in'erdoosh you to my nefoo, my nefoo, John Henry, Misher Lawrence! Won big shum of money at track to-day, John. Mosh incredible shum of money, John! Misher Lawrence shed only thing to do under circushstances was to shellebrate vict'ry; Misher Lawrence besht shellebrator I ever met—who'sh your friend, John?"

"Why, Uncle Peter, this is Bunch; you remember Bunch, don't you?" I answered.

"Glad she you, Bussh!" the old fellow came back; "mush present you to friend of mine. Misher Lawrence, permit me in'erdoosh you my nefoo's friend, Misher Bussh! Won big shum money at track to-day, Misher Bussh. Mosh extraordinary event my life. Firsh time ever won sush a tremenjush shum in all my life. Misher Lawrence shed constitution United Shtatesh demandsh shellebration, ain't ash so, Misher Lawrence?"

All this time, Dike, with one hand on Uncle Peter's shoulder, had been swinging gently to and fro, like the pendulum on a grandfather's clock. Now he raised his head carefully, closed one eye to get a better view of affairs, and said: "Undoubt'ly, Misher Grant. Now that we're all to-gezzzer once more, boys, lesh make it a quartette. I'll shing tenor; one, two, three, four!

"The owl shed woo Shoo
By Shickamo' tree!"

It took all our ingenuity, and Bunch and I expended enough diplomacy to avert a European war before we finally landed the Tide-water Twins in my little bungalow across the road from Dove's Nest Villa.

Five minutes after hitting the sofa Uncle Peter was the sickest man in the known world, but I knew that a night's sleep would put him all to the good again. As for Dike, well, he had four paragraphs of sleep set up in type before his head hit the pillow. It was a cinch he wouldn't quit dreaming before daylight.

We turned the gas down low and left the two celebrants to snore it away.

"They won't move a muscle before morning," I whispered; "so I'll leave an early call and be here to help hoist them to their feet." Then I locked

the front door and we started for the other house.

"Wait, Bunch!" I said, suddenly; "we've forgotten something. If Uncle Peter doesn't show up pretty soon Aunt Martha will be worried to death. This is his first offence, and he'll be so confused when he does show up that he won't be able to square it!"

"I thought of that," Bunch answered, "and I figured it out that I'd duck back to town and send her a telegram stating that Uncle Peter would be detained all night by an important meeting at the Waldorf."

"Fine, Bunch!" I agreed. "You're always Willie-with-the-right-answer, you are! Make the telegram good and strong and that will square the whole game—good-bye!"

Bunch was off for the depot like a streak and I went home and cooked up a few excuses for his hurried departure. It was then about 8 o'clock.

Nine o'clock came and no telegram, and I could see that Aunt Martha was beginning to get the worries. It was so unusual for Uncle Peter to be away without her. Clara J. was the life of the party, and she teased the old lady into better spirits.

Ten o'clock and still no telegram. Aunt Martha now had Uncle Peter waylaid by robbers somewhere and I could see cloudy weather in that household pretty soon if Bunch didn't get busy with the wires.

A few minutes later it seemed to me I heard faintly the sound of breaking glass off in the darkness somewhere. To quiet Aunt Martha I suggested that possibly Uncle Peter might be on the 10:09 train and I'd walk down the road a bit to meet him.

Just outside the gate I did meet him, trembling slightly, but under a big brace.

"John, is that you?" the old fellow

asked. "Oh! I'm so grateful to you. I don't know what came over me this afternoon. It's so unusual for me to do such a thing—oh! how my head aches and I'm so sick! When I woke up on the sofa in your house a few minutes ago I nearly fainted with surprise, but the presence of that man Lawrence brought it all back to me. Say, John, he has the most marvelous capacity I ever heard tell of. Oh! how my head hurts, and I feel so sick! I found the door locked and I'm afraid I broke one of the windows before I got out. Is Aunt Martha worried about me?"

I opened the salve box and calmed him down. "Not a soul is wise," I explained. "Just tell them you were detained at the race track looking over some horses that you suspected were not being treated humanely, and that will square you, sure."

"John, my boy!" Uncle Peter mur-

...

mured as we drew near the door. "You've saved my life and I'll not forget it."

The prodigal was warmly welcomed. The explanation of the cause of his delay was eminently satisfactory to all concerned and joy would have gone into the reigning business then and there had not the rural messenger boy butted in with a telegram for Aunt Martha.

Busy Bunch!

Aunt Martha opened the message and read it with wild-eyed astonishment. Then she looked nervously at poor Uncle Peter and handed the wire to me. "Read it aloud!" she said.

It was dated New York and read as follows:—

Mrs. Peter Grant,

Dove's Nest Villa, Ruraldene, N. Y.

Am unexpectedly detained at big Waldorf banquet of Bankers' and Brokers' Associa-

tion. Wine flowing like water, but will keep up on dry land. Terrapin, ducks and wild game flying around the room, but owing to my dyspepsia will stay on the prune wagon. Am down for a speech about midnight, so don't expect me home till morning train. May telephone you later. Good night.

PETER.

When I finished the reading Uncle Peter crouched down in the arm chair and looked like eighty cents in borrowed money. In his dazed condition he firmly believed himself the author of that awful telegram, and he awaited the final blow in trembling silence.

I was getting the pan on the fire to cook up some kind of a stand-off for the battered old man when suddenly the telephone bell in the hall rang and Aunt Martha answered it.

"Yes," she said in the 'phone. "What? Yes, this is Mrs. Grant! What! Oh! oh!" she screamed, dropped the receiver, and rushed back into the sitting room.

"Oh! oh!" cried the old lady, "a man on that telephone said, 'Is that you, Martha? Well, this is Peter! Are you all right, my dear?' Oh! oh! Am I losing my senses?"

Clara J. tried to calm her while I jumped to the 'phone. Like lightning it flashed over me that this was more of busy Bunch's work in his effort to square Uncle Peter, who now sat doubled up in the chair watching us all with eyes like saucers.

"Hello!" I said over the wire; "who is this talking?" and then Bunch's voice came back at me, 'This is Peter, Uncle Peter!'

I put my hand up to the transmitter and whispered, "Cut it out, you dam-fool, Uncle Peter is sitting in the next room!" and then I heard Bunch yell, "Jumping Beeswax!" and drop the receiver. I knew he was running like a whitehead.

Then I continued over the 'phone

loud enough to be heard a mile, "What's that? Who? You! You claim to be Peter Grant! You scoundrel! I know your voice; you are Barney Sullivan, and you're trying to blackmail my generous, peace-loving uncle! What! Louder! What! Well, you can't pull that on me, Mr. Barney Sullivan. You wanted to get up a mystery in our quiet family and have some of us pay you money to explain—I'm on! That telegram gag didn't work, Mr. Sullivan! Just because my uncle was kind to you—what! Why, I'll have you pinched for this! Oh! go to the devil; my uncle isn't afraid of you! Back to your kennel, back! Lie down, you bad dog!" and with this I hung up the receiver with a crash.

"Cheer up, Uncle Peter," I said as I went back in the room. "Those race track rail birds try to work fancy with good people every once in a while, but I spotted Mr. Sullivan all right. I

knew his voice in a minute. You can't trust those ducks, but I threw a scare into him that burnt his chin. He won't bother you again!"

Uncle Peter arose shakily from the chair and when he turned to me I noticed that his eyes were damp.

"I've had a hard day," he said; "good-night, John, and God bless you!"

Clara J. looked me straight in the eyes as Uncle Peter went off to bed, but my headlights never flickered.

CHAPTER VII.

JOHN HENRY'S PIE.

NEXT morning bright and early I was on wing, and long before the others were stirring I had Dike bromided into an imitation of intelligence, and he was on his way back to the boulevards.

Uncle Peter didn't answer roll call at breakfast. Aunt Martha said he wasn't feeling well. He had neuralgia, she thought, for the pain was all in his head, but, she added, he is so hoarse he cannot give his symptoms in detail.

Poor Uncle Peter. Life felt like a hard boiled egg for him on the morning after.

It's no easy job for an old-timer to

get off the bench, fill his system with gasoline and play an automobile all the evening, and then rush down to his muffins in the morning.

Shortly after breakfast Bunch put in an appearance, exceedingly distressed because his telegraphic and telephonic enthusiasm had put Uncle Peter on the bimbambum the night before.

"Is it all off? and are they on?" he whispered.

"No, Bunch," I said; "he's safe, but by a small majority." Then I told him how I squared it, and Bunch haw-hawed all over the shop.

"I take off my happy hat to you, John!" he chortled; "you are surely the swift lad with the think thing."

"It was a lucky whirl for us last night that we didn't have a wireless station in the house," I added. "What you would have done to Uncle Peter

with the Marconi gag would be scandalous."

But never a word about the fatal wedding of the money and the skate—not a word.

We were both trying to play the dead game sport, so the voice of the clam for ours.

We both realized that it was too late now to make a three-sheet squeal, anyway.

The only thing to do was to wear the high collars and mask-in the bruises on the neck.

Just then Clara J. came to the door and called me. "John," said she, "Uncle Peter would like to see you and Mr. Jefferson in his room."

"He wants us to take the oath of allegiance," I whispered to Bunch, and a moment later we were alone with the amateur bun-pilot.

Uncle Peter was propped up in bed

and his face was set to represent the battle of Shiloh.

He had bandages all over his upper floor, and two ice-bags held down his wrists.

He was glad to see us and he said so with some of his voice. He had spent the rest of it singing, "By the Sycamore Tree."

"Boys," whispered the old chap on the side track, "they don't know anything, do they?" and with this he pointed down stairs with one of the ice-bags.

"Know anything," I echoed; "well, I should answer nay. You can bet they don't know anything and never will."

Both wrists got well at once and the ice-bags fell to the floor.

"But Dike Lawrence," he queried. "He was with me, and oh! what a capacity that man has!" Then he

groaned and began to taste scrap-iron in his mouth.

I recounted the events of the morning and explained that by this time Dike was paying a party call in some New York saloon, whereupon Uncle Peter yanked another foot out of the grave and began to sit up and notice the pictures on the wall.

"Boys," said the old fellow, "I want you to promise me that after this interview the terrible scenes of last night will never, never be recalled, will you promise me?"

We both did so, without reservation, and off came a yard of bandage over his sky parlor. Uncle Peter was recovering in sections.

"If ever anything like this happens to me again I give you full permission to rake up this horrible past," he said with another groan.

But we both knew that last night's

trip to Foolishville would be his last.

"Let me tell you something, boys," he went on. "Say! what did I do to my voice last night? It feels as though I had scraped it with a can-opener."

We refrained from telling him that his poor voice had been up in a tree all night, but the temptation was great.

"John," he continued, "after *Peaches* won that big race some time ago I became quite interested in horses."

I looked at Bunch, but he gave me the glassy stand-back.

"Interested for a purpose," Uncle Peter went on. "Not the purpose, however, that the good souls down stairs have been led to believe. Oh! my head! I have been very fortunate at the track, John!"

Again I looked at Bunch, but couldn't flag him.

"Very fortunate, indeed," continued

the old fellow. "A man named Sullivan whom I met some time ago tried to bunco me out of a small amount, but by treating him kindly he afterwards repaid me by giving me some valuable tips, notably one yesterday, when I won nine thousand dollars!"

Bunch began to choke and I got up rapidly to look out the window and see if anybody had moved the railroad in the last ten minutes.

"John, come here," cried Uncle Peter, "and listen to me. I've been doing all this for you!"

"For me!" I gasped in amazement, while Bunch almost fell off his chair.

"Yes;" said the ex-jag carpenter, "for you. I admired your pluck in not betting on your own horse on that particular occasion, and I admired your will power in staying away from the track ever after. So I determined for my own amusement to try my luck.

If unlucky I intended to say nothing about it, if fortunate I intended to hand the winnings over to you as a token of my esteem."

"Uncle Peter! why, that is, what——" I was away over in the distance.

"Yesterday," he went on calmly, "I met with an accident. First I met Mr. Lawrence and then I met with the accident. Thanks to you two young men that accident did not prove fatal. Therefore, I shall divide my winnings between you."

"What nonsense, Uncle Peter!" I spluttered.

"Impossible, sir!" Bunch put in.

"It is not nonsense and it is not impossible," Uncle Peter answered. "I'm rich and don't need the money. You are both young and can use it. If you don't take it I shall probably fritter it all away at the track, and, no

doubt, meet my friend, Mr. Lawrence again," he added sadly.

"In that case we'll take it," I spoke up quickly.

"Then I'm through forever with race tracks, and Mr. Lawrence!" the old gentleman said. "In all, including the \$9,000 I won yesterday, I am ahead about \$16,000. You shall both have a check for \$8,000 as soon as I get up, which will be right away."

Then he shook hands with both of us and said we were the real goods.

Say! we were a couple of dazed boys when we backed out of that room.

"Is it anything serious?" Clara J. asked as I came down the stairs.

"No, Peaches," I said, "Uncle Peter had an attack of good-heartedness and he's all right."

"He certainly is all right," Bunch added.

"He always was all right," Clara J.

chirped, and every man present yelled,
"Who's all right?"

Echo answered "Uncle Peter's all
right, all right."

THE END.

HUGH McHUGH'S
SIX FAMOUS BOOKS
Over 400,000 Copies Sold

"I NEED THE MONEY"

FIRST EDITION 35,000 COPIES

"OUT FOR THE COIN"

50,000 COPIES SOLD

"BACK TO THE WOODS"

60,000 COPIES SOLD

"IT'S UP TO YOU!"

70,000 COPIES SOLD

"DOWN THE LINE

WITH JOHN HENRY"

75,000 COPIES SOLD

"JOHN HENRY"

125,000 COPIES SOLD

The Six Books are Illustrated. Cloth Bound
Gilt Top, 75 Cents Each

For sale by all Booksellers or sent by mail
POSTAGE FREE, on receipt of price by

G. W. DILLINGHAM CO., Publishers
119-121 West 23d St., New York

"Out for the Coin" the fifth in the John Henry series was received with shouts of approval. It made new friends on sight.

CONTENTS OF "OUT FOR THE COIN."

**JOHN HENRY AND WALL STREET.
JOHN HENRY AND THE HORSE TRAINER.
JOHN HENRY AND THE SOUSE THING.
JOHN HENRY AND THE TWO DIPPY BOYS.
JOHN HENRY AND THE ORPHAN SKATES.
JOHN HENRY AND THE BIG RACE.
JOHN HENRY AND THE STRONG FINISH.**

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

George V. Hobart, alias "Hugh Mc-Hugh," the author of the "John Henry" books, has, in a very short time, made remarkable progress toward the top of the ladder to the rungs of which American humorists are clinging. Billy Baxter and Chim-mie Fadden—even Mr. Dooley himself—find themselves required to hold tight with both hands and climb with might and main to keep out of the way of John Henry. Indeed, it is safe to say that as an exponent

of American slang John Henry is first, and his compeers are fighting for second, third and fourth. The John Henry slang is so slangy it is classical. And it is deliciously and absurdly funny.

The latest of the John Henry books is "Out for the Coin." Hobart is fortunate, and almost unique among present day "funny men"—in that the more he writes the funnier he gets. Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety. None of his "stuff" is "boiler plate" nor "filler"; it is all good—all the very best of its kind.

"Out for the Coin" can be read in an hour—or less. It is little, but oh, my! It tells about Wall street, horses, and horse races in the choicest slang. Every line is slangy—half the words are so—and, to the Western culture, at all events, every bit of it is new. Put "Out for the Coin" on the list of books you are going to buy—or borrow—if you enjoy the vernacular in new guise and humor that is rare and racy.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

A sparkling little comedy in slang is John Henry's latest adventure, "Out for the Coin."

"John Henry" is too well known to the

reading public to need an introduction. To say he is here again means there will be a rush of his old friends and a stampede of new ones to meet him.

He is one of those celebrities everyone wants to know, not only because one likes to speak of such acquaintances, but because one thoroughly enjoys his company.

This time in his jolly encounter with life, he gets tangled up with Wall street and the race track—a combination calculated to break almost anyone—in spirit as well as pocketbook. But he goes through it with his usual cheerful serenity, and comes out a winner.

That he sees more humor in the situation than anyone else could find, goes without saying. It is a smile, a chuckle, a laugh from cover to cover.

His classical slang, if one might so call it, brings mental ejaculations of “clever” every other page. There is nothing forced about it. Capitals are not needed to impress its point. It is absolutely natural, absolutely original and absolutely funny. The most familiar things come up in this dress, and while saying “How do” in a friendly way, make you chuckle at their clever new garb.
—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph*.

The latest and the best of the John Henry books is "Out for the Coin," from the presses of the Dillingham Company of New York. In "Out for the Coin" you see John Henry at his best. Here is some of the most delightfully appropriate and original slang and some of the most pleasing situations Hugh McHugh has yet produced. The author describes a modern horse race in a manner that rivals the chariot race description in "Ben Hur"—the story of the race is so well told with the aid of a negro bystander that one almost feels compelled to throw his hat into the air and cheer the winner. Those who are following John Henry's career look forward to Mr. McHugh's books as they look forward toward vacation time, and if Mr. McHugh can always write as he has written in "Out for the Coin," he will never want for a big and appreciative following.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

JOHN HENRY, Hugh McHugh's first book, reached the 25,000 mark two weeks after it was published. It's popularity since then has been unprecedented.

"John Henry's philosophy is of the most approved up-to-date brand. He is by all odds a young man of the period; he is a man about town. He is a slang artist; a painter of *recherche* phrases; a maker of tart Americanisms.

In this book—it is "little, but oh my!"—John Henry recounts some of his adventures about town, and he interlards his descriptive passages with impressive comments on the men, women, institutions, and places, brought within his observant notice. We need not say that his comments are highly-colored; nor that his descriptions are remarkable for expressiveness and colloquial piquancy. Mr. Henry is a sort of refined and sublimated type of "Chimmie Fadden," though there is by no means anything of the gamin about him. He doesn't speak in rich coster dialect such as is used by Mr. Townsend's famous character, nor is he a mem-

ber of the same social set as the popular hero of the New York slums. Mr. Henry moves on a higher plane, he uses good English—mostly in tart superlatives—and his associates are of a high social scale.

Mr. Henry's adventures as he describes them here will make you wonder and make you laugh.

His book abounds in bon-mots of slang; of the kind you hear in the theatres when the end-men, comedians and monologuists are at their wittiest and best, when they revel in mad and merry extravagances of speech and experience.

It is an art to use street-talk with force and terseness, and although it isn't the most elegant phase of the Queen's English it nevertheless impresses to the Queen's taste. Hugh McHugh has this art."—*Philadelphia Item*.

"John Henry" is only one of the numerous young men who are treating the public to the latest slang through the medium of print nowadays, but he, unlike most of the others, is original in his phrases, has the strong support of the unexpected in his humor and causes many a good laugh. For one thing, he merely tries to make fun, wisely avoiding the dangers of tediousness



in endeavoring to utter immature wisdom in the language of the brainless.

"The author, Hugh McHugh, is thought to be Mr. George V. Hobart. Certain it is that the writer is a Baltimorean, past or present; the local references evidence that. In some places the expressions have the Hobart ring to them. But if Mr. Hobart did write the stories, he has done his best work of the kind yet."—*Baltimore Herald*.

"The humor is of the spontaneous sort that runs close to truth, and it affords many a hearty laugh."—*Cleveland World*.

"As a study in slang it surpasses anything since the days of 'Artie.'"—*The Rocky Mountain News*.

"Written in the choicest slang."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"John Henry." A regular side-splitter, and as good as "Billy Baxter."—*New York Press*.

"It is as good as any of the books of its kind, better than most of them, and is funny without being coarse."—*Portage Register*.



"Down The Line With John Henry"
is the second of the "John Henry"
books and quickly followed its pre-
decessor along the highroad of
success.

The story of "John Henry at the
Races" in "Down The Line" has
already grown to be a Classic in
Slang. It is brimful of human
nature and is amusing in the high-
est degree.

CONTENTS OF "DOWN THE LINE."

JOHN HENRY AT THE RACES.

JOHN HENRY AND THE DRUMMERS.

JOHN HENRY IN BOHEMIA.

JOHN HENRY AND THE HOTEL CLERK.

JOHN HENRY AND THE BENZINE BUGGY.

JOHN HENRY AT THE MUSICAL.

JOHN HENRY PLAYS GOLF.



"'Down the Line' is one good laugh from cover to cover, and some of the experiences of this clever man are both amusing and interesting. The book is illustrated with some clever sketches by McKee Barclay."—*St. Louis Star*.



"As in the former volume, the present collection of stories is concerned with adventures of a man about town. It abounds in the wisdest and newest slang, *recherche* expressions and tart Americanisms. There is much clever satire on the manners and habits of Americans. The 'down-to-date' man who is fond of slang will find in the volume a new supply for his vocabulary."—*Los Angeles Express*.



"In order to enjoy it you have got to tackle it like Wagner and chain yourself down for three or four sittings, and then you are *en rapport*, so to speak. Come again, Jonathan!"—*Danvers Republican*.



"It's Up to You!" is the third book in the John Henry series. This story of domestic bliss relates the adventures of John Henry during his courtship and marriage.

"It's Up to You!" has been pronounced by critics everywhere the funniest book of the year.

It is no exaggeration to say there is a laugh in every line for this fact is amply demonstrated by the enormous demand for the book.

CONTENTS OF "IT'S UP TO YOU!"

JOHN HENRY'S COURTSHIP.
JOHN HENRY'S WEDDING.
JOHN HENRY'S HONEYMOON TRIP.
JOHN HENRY'S SEASHORE VISIT.
JOHN HENRY HUNTS A FLAT.
JOHN HENRY ENTERTAINS FRIENDS
JOHN HENRY PLAYS PING PONG.

“‘It’s Up to You’ stares out from the yellow cover. From a mere passing sight at the familiar cheese-cloth binding and the portrait of the faultless gentleman in the choker, one might easily think it was an old wandering copy of the original ‘John Henry’; one hardly dares hope it is a new edition of that worthy’s confidence. But it is. And John Henry stabs us with his sentiment. He commences: ‘Seven of us were entered in the race for Clara J.’s affections.’ Then he delightfully tells us how he won out from the ‘other six society shines.’ The chapter explaining his method of dragging papa’s and mama’s consent away from them is clogged with many smiles, and before the finish of the honeymoon trip, the ‘holler’ is certainly ‘Up to You!’ After a bit John Henry hunts a flat. The finding of the flat is the richest slice of the book. He does more—he lives in it—with the consent of the folks above and below; he entertains and concludes the third little volume of his spicy adventures with a game of ping-pong. Now, never mind—All men make mistakes.

“We have not heard near so much about John Henry as we have of ping-pong; we sincerely hope to learn more of the former,

and we fervently pray to be delivered from the latter. However, in the midst of the plague, the half million special newspaper scribes who issue a column of unintelligible rot daily concerning the silly game should each secure a copy of 'Its Up to You' and learn how to write descriptions of ping-pong. It is there with all the lucidity of a press prize fight story. If you must ring in an old subject do it well—and perhaps you will be forgiven.

"There is nothing very long, or broad, or deep in the John Henry books. A man who attempts to criticise a hearty laugh wastes his time, besides betraying his lack of a good dinner. We have heard the tales of John Henry were often written in a single night, and that their first mission was to advertise certain other things, but we will gladly say nothing about it. They are a decided success; they are not copies of things we have read before; they are the cleverest bits of writing yet received from the pen of George V. Hobart. Let us hope that the train boys will not stop selling them."—*Baltimore Herald*.